

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Podium:  
David Suzuki

# Maclean's

JANUARY 21, 1980

\$1.00



## BREZHNEV'S GAMBLE





# 'Science' should start with an R

By David T. Suzuki

Look forward to the coming election with as much enthusiasm as the first trip to the scales after a Christmas holiday. There is one saving grace, though. An election is a time when the average person can enjoy a momentary impact on the political system as a voter.

If we are to judge by complex rhetoric, the major problems facing Canadians today include the cost of energy, unemployment, inflation, strikes, mortgage rates and deductions, separatism, regional disparities and taxes. It is true these are pressing problems that affect us immediately and must be dealt with right away. Indeed, a politician is faced with a massive volume of daily minutiae which fragments his time so that issues are dealt with in a cursory way. But there is a serious flaw in government today. Because as we begin a new decade and rush toward 1984, society is being transformed by science and technology on a scale and rate unprecedented by the parents of Confederation. But our political institutions were designed to handle other issues under conditions that no longer exist.

If you think I'm exaggerating, consider the world in which I grew up as a child. We caught and ate lots of fish from Lake Erie without fear of PCBs, mercury or dioxin. We never watched television because there wasn't any. We couldn't go to movies or public swimming pools in the summer out of fear of contracting polio. Smallpox killed or scarred thousands of people annually. We caught vermin and fruits and vegetables were not from herbicides, insecticides or herbicides brought over from Mexico or California. We trekked by horse or train because there was no public air travel. When the first atomic bomb was dropped, we never worried about a future arms race, nuclear power plants or radioactive fallout. Nor did we know that transistors, plastics, computers, lasers, microwave ovens, tranquilizers and more would come to being and change our lives. It was not our sexual mores were a reflection of our religious and moral convictions, but penicillin and oral contraceptives quickly put the lie to that. We didn't even know how many chromosomes humans have, what DNA did or the cause of monogamy. There was no open heart surgery, kidney dialysis or corneal transplant. All of that has changed within a single generation.

In past centuries, the invention of the wheel, metal implements, pottery or the needle was followed by hundreds of years during which societies adapted to the impact, but today dozens of such inventions occur in a single decade. However, our politicians are too busy trying to keep the country going to worry about the eventual impact of a new drug, material or technology. Today our educational institutions fail to "educate." Instead they are turning out two increasingly estranged groups, each of them extremely ignorant about the other. One speaks the

jargon of scientific terminology, has little grounding in literature, philosophy, history or religion and yet will become scientists, engineers and doctors who will apply revolutionary tools to change us and the environment. The other group comprises the majority of society and is alienated from science, believes science is an esoteric activity of the mathematically gifted and doesn't feel science has much relevance in daily life. Our media are the exclusive domain of the latter group and hence perpetuates the separation and respective fantasies of the two cultures. Thus most people are powerless to understand or deal with the most pervasive forces shaping their lives.

The result of this widespread scientific illiteracy is that rarely, if ever, are candidates for elective office asked for their positions on such issues as the intrusion of computers into our private lives, the revolution in communications technology, the future of the Canada's nuclear, public exposure to potent herbicides and pesticides, occupational diseases, alternate energy, eutrophication, recombinant DNA, biotechnology, marine management or our 800-mile off-shore wind farms. All spill hazards in the High Arctic, the future of scientific research in Canada and the myriad of pollutants—arsenic, mercury, PCB, PVC, dioxin, asbestos, radon and acid rain. Yet those elected will make decisions on these issues and many more with long-term consequences that future generations will live with long after the politicians are gone.

A recent survey of men in Ottawa

revealed that most of them came from two professional—law and business. Yet when the 80s were tested for comprehension of elementary terms and principles of science and technology, businessmen and lawyers scored the lowest. Sure, they have advisors and specialists to provide expertise, but as our elected representatives, the politicians must make the final decision. I shudder to think of our parliamentary documents being made now by scientific illiterates who, furthermore, bear no responsibility for their decisions when the impact is felt 16 or 18 years later.

There is no easy solution to the dilemma of widespread scientific illiteracy and the myopic electoral views of politicians. I have spent the past 15 years using the electronic media to try to demystify the scientific enterprise for the average person to show that science can be presented in an understandable and interesting way that is so important to be ignored. We badly need an overhaul of our educational system to re-emphasize science as a core subject along with the three Rs. But that will take decades if not generations. Meanwhile, we've been given an unexpected opportunity to do something now. Use this election to show candidates that you care about the current scientific issues that touch you and your children's lives. Only then will we have a hope politicians will take such matters seriously.

A provision specialist, Dr. David T. Suzuki teaches at the University of B.C. and hosts CBC-TV's *The Nature of Things*.



... as we rush toward 1984, society is being transformed.

# The 'dead souls' of Moscow

By Peter C. Newman

Introductory notes in their own land, good Russians and good Jews, wishing they could remain both. Moscow's 1,000 Refuseniks are victims of a system that has deprived them of the choice. These Soviet Jews have been refused exit visas to Israel and now must bear the stigma and torment of living in limbo, waiting out their turn in a purgatory where one's survival becomes no mere victory.

During a recent visit to Moscow I spent an evening with six such survivors, remarkable both as individuals and as a group, like the "dead souls" that populate the plays of Nikolai Gogol, as beginning to question their own existence.

In 1979, some 50,000 Jews were allowed to emigrate from the U.S.S.R., but at least another 250,000 wish to follow. The problem is that should their application be refused, they risk losing their future exit visas who have been inexplicably denied exit visas, dismissed from their jobs, ostracized and sentenced to exile.

The U.S.S.R. has a Jewish population of just over two million. While they are granted official recognition as an appropriate "nationality," the Jews are denied no autonomous territory, except for a tiny settlement of Bratslav near the Ukrainian border, a token colony established by Stalin, which now hosts fewer than 15,000 people.

Refuseniks far from the surface in Carter times, anti-Semitism was an integral feature of the Stalinist era and, even if not officially sanctioned, certainly has become ever more prevalent in recent years. In Moscow, a city with a population of 2,500,000 Jews, only two synagogues are allowed to remain open. However theatre, books, magazines and newspapers are forbidden. Kofur food is difficult to find and Jewish primary education is limited to an underground school, moved from apartment to apartment, in 800 pages of exposed to countless harassment. A right quota system all but bars the youngsters from university education.



Amichayovich (top) with Maria (bottom left), Vladimir (bottom right) in a scene of a play.

Amichayovich (top) with Maria (bottom left), Vladimir (bottom right) in a scene of a play.

Jewish persecution has long roots in Russian history. Kantarovich Polesnikov, principal advisor to Greg Alexander III, inaugurated a policy of solving Russia's Jewish "problem" by partitioning it over three world wars: the first, another third banished, and the remainder exterminated. More recently, Jews are being persecuted in Soviet propaganda as "Zionists" and "dangerous conspirators." Russian is puzzled as a "modern form of fascism" and Jimmy Carter has been depicted as a "third-degree Mason who takes his orders from the head of the U.S. First British organization."

Best known among Moscow's Refuseniks is Anatoly Shcharansky, the computer programmer whose refusal to accept of human rights brought him a 13-year prison sentence. His arrest triggered worldwide protests including a legal crusade for his release by McGill professor, Irvin Cotler (Montreal, April 80, 1978). But the agency of other Refuseniks goes on unabated. These are brief profiles of the half-dozen Jews

I met that evening in the apartment of a Moscow intermediary. Vladimir Pradon is dressed in a bright blue sweater, trying in fragmentary English to fit feelings into words. His hand movements are fierce but the face is drained of emotion. His manner at the same time boyish and elderly, only the steadfastness in his jaw like eyes betrays the resolve that has allowed him to survive as an incredible device on a full-time dishwasher and part-time elevator operator. "We're not really fighters or opponents," he says. "We have no ideological differences with communism." They crowd that. Some of us have been waiting 12 years for permission to leave for Israel. When you're refused to being an elevator operator, as I am, you have nothing much to lose.

Pradon was once among the Soviet Union's leading computer specialists, held three important patents and helped establish the laboratory that developed the first system for the U.S.S.R. At least two new generations of computers have appeared since, but he is being refused permission to emigrate for "security" reasons and has been detained by the KGB seven times. His wife, Elena, a radio engineer, now works

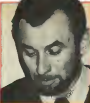
as a secretary in a music school.

Now Pessman faces the most difficult business dilemma. After eight years as the waiting list, she was recently granted permission to leave, but one of her twin sons, Yefim, who served in a rocket battalion with the Soviet army, will not be allowed to join her because he is accused of possessing "classified information." If she goes, the chances are she will never see him again. "We still manage to get enough to eat and to clothe ourselves," she says, "but we are being associated psychologically. Our souls are being killed."

Pavel Abramovich looks like the gentler of men, his beard lending his face the wise aspect of an Old Testament prophet. But his voice is eloquent and stern as he complains. "A people can be killed on their heritage as taken away from them." An expert radio-electronics engineer, he now fixes toys at a kindergarten and his wife, Maria, has been reduced from being a teacher to a typist. Abramovich has become a part-time teacher of Hebrew. Having publicly renounced his Soviet citizenship, he claims allegiance to Israel instead. His apartment is continually raided by the armed off of his Hebrew literature has been seized. He is accused of leading as "anti-social and parasitical way of life" because he has a shoddy job. Yet every time he finds work, the authorities pressure his employer to dismiss him for unspecified "inefficiency" because he exists in a Kibbutz world not of his making, sustained by the fury of right-earners and not much else.

His children were taught history at a Jewish college until three years ago, when he applied for an exit visa. She was refused on the grounds that "teaching is considered an ideological profession," "good, and new works as a typical at his father (HSH) per month. Out of this average salary she pays 50 rubles rent for an apartment she has to share with both her grandparents and an 11-year-old daughter. "My situation is absolutely wild," she says. "If the hero is to be here, it must last seven years. When I tried to find out which relatives were supposed to have secrets, they just repeat: 'reason for refusal: secrecy of relatives.'" During a recent interrogation a state prosecutor told her: "The reasons have no meaning for you... government secrets is a relative concept."

That's not an easy system to fight. But these Refuseniks and others like them remain certain their dream of emigration will not be permanently denied. Meanwhile they survive as best they can within Leonid Brezhnev's Moscow and even just about their fate. "After all," says the latest Refusenik joke, "it would be a lot worse if we had a Jewish system under a worse ruler."



## 'A deliberate and refined humiliation'

Vladimir Pessman, 48, first applied for a visa to Israel in September, 1970. He was refused in February, 1971. The reason: he was trying to state secrets acquired while working at the Science Research Centre of Electronic Computer Technology. In fact, Pessman's work at the centre, which he had left in April, 1969, was concerned only with development of computers for the public economy, which has no military application. This is a chronology of the events in Pessman's life since that first application.

**March-April, 1971:** Arrested and sentenced to 15 days. Charged with refusal to obey orders of the authorities.

**November, 1971:** Forced to resign from work.

**May 22, 1972:** Pessman is followed from home by a man and a woman. Near a railway station he is stopped by a policeman, whom the two had called. They allege that he had annoyed the woman in the subway. He is arrested and sentenced to 15 days on a charge of harassment. For 10 days Pessman is told and mother look for him and inquire at many offices including the Ministry of Accidents, the Ministry of the Interior and the KGB. They are told at each place that nothing is known about him.

**March-July, 1972:** Works as instructor at the Institute of Architecture.

**June, 1972:** Pessman writes to the procurator-general of the USSR to complain about the absence of any answer to an earlier complaint about his treatment in prison and about the harassment of his family during that time. His letter refers to his application for emigration as the reason for the "deliberate and refined humiliation." He also writes to the 24 Commission on Human Rights to protest the violation by U.S.S.R. of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights in refusing him and his family permission to go to Israel.

**Source:** Contemporary Jewish Library, London, England.

Pessman, wife Elise: a chronology of false charges, harassment and imprisonment



**April, 1973:** Pessman goes on a hunger strike for eight days.

**September, 1972-August, 1975:** Works as receptionist at a commercial firm.

**August, 1975-December, 1976:** Works as private secretary to a professor. **December 24, 1975:** Pessman's apartment is searched by a senior justice and two inspectors of the Criminal Division in the presence of two witnesses and a notary. Thirteen types of items are confiscated including all the notebooks at Pessman and his wife containing telephone numbers, personal letters from Israel written in 1971 and the kinds of two plays written by Pessman's grandfather in the late 1950s.

**December 30, 1976:** Pessman is photographed in connection with the Jewish Cultural Symposium scheduled for December 1977. He was one of its initiators.

**December 10-21, 1976:** Rape under house arrest following the ban on the symposium.

**March, 1977:** Pessman, who has been giving Jewish mathematics and Hebrew lessons at home since leaving his job, is told to discontinue because "such intensive activity does not comply with Soviet requirements."

**April 13, 1977:** The wife warns Pessman that he is now liable to be charged with "sabotage."

**June, 1977:** Pessman is signatory to a letter sent to French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing urging him to intercede on behalf of another Refusenik.

**October, 1977:** Pessman parties in a disco clubbed three-day hunger strike throughout the major cities in the Soviet Union.

**December 24, 1977:** Stopped by riot agents in the street. They push his face into the snow, then force him into a car. He is questioned for four hours before being released.

**February, 1978:** As one of the signatories to a message to the West, Pessman calls for maintaining national awareness and the Hebrew language.

**December, 1978-January:** Pessman works as an elevator operator.

**Winter Cruise**

Outside, the cold Canadian wind is howling. But, inside you put the couch back to your ear and hear the call of the sea. So you set sail for the garage, where you dust off the dingy and have a winter cruise. With a white sail-cloth over the mid-seat. Four cold lobsters. And the vodka that leaves you breathless. And you chart your course carefully. Because you want the whole evening to stay ship-shape.

**Smirnoff Style**

**SMIRNOFF**  
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This Canada

## The battle of the north shore

By Parker Barnes Donham

**T**he freshly paved road leaves the Cabot Trail at right angles and then winds past the newly built one-up frozen facility, past the hangars where the larger from National Sea Products Ltd. spends the eight weeks of lobster season, past the crowded metal roofs of the fishermen's sheds, before widening to meet the broad turnings of the government wharf. If Tim Horton or McDonald's ever set up a franchise to construct small boat harbours, the result will probably look a lot like this new harbour at Little River on Cape Breton's north shore. A legacy of the days when prominent Liberal MP Allan MacEachern's largest touch each of the tiny handsets that make up his riding of Cape Breton Highlands-Cansu, the harbor is as clean and crisp as the \$90 bills that change hands by the tens of thousands every lobster season. The harbor itself is entirely man-made, its perimeter de-

scribed by two stone wharves: a test case, to see if federal dollars can provide shelter from the North Atlantic's eastern gales, where nature has provided none.

Little River shows the change overtaking much of rural Cape Breton. Men who once rowed to their lobster traps in tiny dinghies now pilot 40-foot Cape Islanders and hire accountants to prepare their tax returns. But Little River is also the scene of a smoldering quarrel, a battle whose outcome, according to the men who fish here, could completely undo their newfound prosperity. Over the past two years, the harbor has served as staging grounds for vigilante raids on the high seas, prowl-patrol stalks and a one-man crusade against a century-old community code.

On one side of the battle are the 38 lobster boat owners who make their homes on the narrow ledge of negotiable real estate that separates the Cape Breton Highlands from the Atlantic

Ocean. Seafarers all, most can trace their spiritual lineage to the Normans—followers of Reverend Norman MacLeod, the dogmatic Presbyterian minister who established a theocratic settlement at nearby St. Ann's in 1829. The area remains Cape Breton's last bastion of Presbyterianism, a place where Sunday work is frowned upon, and grotto, lifting accounts serve as a constant reminder of the Gaelic that still lingers everyday use among its inhabitants.

On the other side is Lachlan Pettie, a 63-year-old lobster fisherman who makes his home at Tarbot, about 5.6 miles inland from the north shore. Pettie's people came from L'Anse-au-Loup, pronounced "Londroyt" in the local patois, an Acadian community on the southeast coast of Cape Breton. Though Pettie speaks only a few words of French and moved to Tarbot 36 years ago to marry a local girl, many still view him as an interloper.

The issue at single, Pettie wants to

Fishing village in Cape Breton: after 36 years, the man is still an interloper

set his traps along the north shore. The fishermen who consider the territory exclusively theirs are determined to prevent him, even if the process turns some of these staid citizens into outlaws.

The story's origins stretch back more than 90 years ago to a time when the north shore lobster fishery was a cut-throat business. Fierce competition was the order of the day: covered lines and snail-bait traps were the favored weapons. The fighting got so bad that the people of the area approached their minister, Reverend Abraham Macleod of French River, asking him to mediate the dispute. Macleod decreed that, thenceforth, each fisherman would set traps only off the shoreline of

area manager for the department of Fisheries and Oceans, and recently "It's well managed because everyone abides by the system."

Everyone except Lachlan Pettie. Pettie owns no waterfront land off which he can fish, so for the 35 years he has held a lobster license he has kept his boat at Englishtown, a community 13 miles north of Little River, where fishermen have no tradition of exclusive fishing territories. However, Pettie has traps at Cape Dauphin and the Bird Islands, and more recently on a narrow shoal that lies between the

Bird Islands and the north shore. Pettie traces the start of his role as protagonist in the battle of the north shore fishery to an encounter that took place over that shoal early in last year's season. A man who had bought some north shore property a few years ago and who, like Pettie, had been fishing



Pettie (above), Macleod (left), Campbell vigilante raids on the high seas

his own boat. The arrangement remained force today and, although strictly without basis in law, it enjoys the status of codified code among the north-shore fishermen.

Their allegiance to the code is not surprising. It gives them exclusive membership in the most lucrative lobster fishery in Cape Breton, if not the Atlantic provinces. "It's lucrative because it's well managed," C.E. (Red) Barnett,



PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY LAWRENCE



# You read what you eat

It was a delight to find such a practical and well-researched article on nutrition (*Metrop. Night*, Nov. 30). But most important point, in my opinion, was made in the question: "Eating less is in, eating more is out." As Bill Christopher pointed out, obesity is a serious problem in North America with the average adult weighing more than is considered healthy. In stores, I feel, from the modern convenience-oriented lethargy of our daily lives along with a super abundance of easily obtained fats of all kinds. It is unfair to expect people to maintain a slender, healthy figure when they are bombarded constantly with mouth-watering images of their favorite comestibles. We should be considering ways to restrict advertising of food, perhaps starting with research into the relationship between advertising and obesity.

MORRIS LASK, OAKVILLE, ONT.



Food fads—convenience-oriented or healthy

## Bigots and boxes

Based upon Allan Fotheringham's column *When A Future Archaeologist Strolls The Digs*, *Overlaid Beyond Deep Divisions* (Feb. 18), the word "bigot" in his dictionary is defined as one who does not agree with Allan Fotheringham.

CARLETON SCOTT, KILGORN, BC

Congratulations and thanks from an Anglophile Quebecer to Allan Fotheringham for his splendid column on bigotry. He said it all. Those who box the national anthem when it is sung in French, or look about French on their

lousy cereal boxes, frankly don't give a damn about Quebec. More tragically, they don't give a damn about Canada either.

RATHLEIGH PERRY, MONTECLAIRE, QUE.

In Allan Fotheringham's simplistic mind there must be only English and French Canadians. Indeed, English Canadians were the privileged class in this country for a long time. The natural backlash to English bigotry was the growth of French-Canadian nationalism. Trudeau indeed started to change "Macdonald, Kitchener and Mackenzie to Chrétien, Lalonde and Bégin." It certainly looked very much like a crea-

tion of the second privileged class of Canadians. It is not possible to have two first-class citizens in one country. The statistic just invites a conflict. Somehow in the arithmetic of the two classes, the third, which is the largest in Canada, is missed altogether. Not even mentioned as an underprivileged, but completely ignored. Is it not amazing that otherwise seemingly intelligent people profess hugs and with nationalism. Aren't we all Canadians? Are Americans English because they speak the language?

A. FRIEDMAN, KITCHENER, ONT.

## Poetic injustice

I have an quarrel with Dale Rider's article on the Poplar River Power Project (*Commentary Is Not in Neighbourhood*, Nov. 18). In general he relies the facts objectively and accurately. However, I feel that I must take exception to the editorial license that has been taken in choosing a caption to accompany the photograph of the power station. The Saskatchewan Power Corporation is not, as the caption implies, "agent of an equality." We have built into the project design an pollution control system to eliminate 99 per cent of particulate emissions. Attention has also been made in the design for the installation of wet scrubbers if they are proven to be needed. Because of the low sulphur content of Saskatchewan lignite coal, as confirmed by test burns, conducted one by the Canadian Combustion Research Laboratory, it is assumed that the Poplar River plant will operate within Canadian and Saskatchewan standards.

JOHN S. INGRAM, INDIANIA IN CHARGE, SASKATCHEWAN POWER CORPORATION, SASKATCHEWAN, SASK.

## An upbeat drummer

Harry Bay's article in *Prose of Praying* (*Prose*, Nov. 19) was a very necessary tonic for Canadians who spend too much time denigrating their country and lamenting the hard times in spite of the gloomier forecasts we do have today men and women in our short history who are worthy of praise and emulation. They laid the foundation of our present affluence and comfort and deserve our praise. Instead of grumbling and complaining we should spend more time and effort trying to be worthy of their efforts on our part.

A. G. MACHESON, PORT CHARLOTTE, ONT.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address and address labels from their magazines, as well as the Editor, Maclean's, 1001 Denison Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M6R 1A7.

# BREZHNEV'S GAMBLE



By Peter C. Newman

It's a frigid, moon-washed night at Vainikkila, in the southern tip of the Finnish Republic. We are slipping down steeply into the blizzard with us here to cross the border into the U.S.S.R. on the Helsinki-Moscow Express. A lone Finnish customs official has stamped our passports, appearing as so interested in the process as those weary guardians of Canada's sovereignty on the bridges that arch across the Niagara gorge into the United States.

Feeling like a troupe of self-conscious extras from a low-budget remake of *Duck, Duck, Goose*, we climb back into the train. It chugs a few hundred yards past the frontier, then stops. Through the window I notice the tree cover has been raised. Shutes cut through the woods are overlaid by wheels of barbed wire tied to snow-covered or pine stumps.

Soviet soldiers in sea-green uniforms beside the train mechanically bearing anti-tank weapons and looks of stigmatized awe. Above us, the belabored strides of a guard pacing the coach roofs, presumably searching for stow-aways. On the ground, a bulky serpent in baggy trousers along the roadside by a large German shepherd, shoring us with its thick kneescrumps, bent on

saluting some misbegotten soul along under the trees.

The suspense quickly dissolves into the absurdity it deserves. The roof-walker climbs back down and the serpent vanishes into the blizzard with his head. The thought that it's far too cold for anyone to survive beneath or above any of the coaches seems finally to have struck home: that the basic mystery remains this train, after all, is stepping out, and not since Vladimir Lenin's waded each one of these tracks in 1917 has anyone attempted to stage an escape into Russia.

The whole goofy exercise seems an elaborate act staged by the guards to keep themselves warm. But then I spot a pair of empty Visa Gosh bags, abandoned by the train as the snow suddenly they look ominous, left there in obvious haste, so close and yet so far from that little Finland station, which already feels a civilization away.

The image of those godforsaken boots flashed back repeatedly a month after I left the Soviet Union when its troops marched into Afghanistan. As usual, the Western response failed to comprehend the subtle reality that had prompted the Kremlin's latest show of force: to buy the 1980 Soviet military intervention since 1944.

Condemnations of various intensity

Soviet tanks in Kabul: barbarous legacies

blurred out from the United Nations and the White House (see box page 36), citing the sanctity of international protocols, expressing surprise and dismay that the Soviet Union wouldn't play the diplomatic game according to the dictates of Western protocol. I somehow doubt that the anonymous owner of those boots jettisoned just this side of the Finnish border entertained similar confusion. The blueprint of Soviet intentions is not that difficult to read. It takes a hardened demagogue of Alexander Solzhenitsyn's stamp to extrapolate a doomsday scenario in which the Kremlin is seen as plotting the spiritual and physical conquest of the entire planet. But it requires little more than a careful reading of actual events since the Second World War to draw some less dramatic but only slightly less threatening conclusions.

The Cold War that has raged between East and West for three decades is based squarely on the Helsinki interpretation of authority. A rapid coalition of outsiders gained power in the U.S.S.R. by escaping the sanctions of its legitimate rulers. Communists' dissidents have ever since continued to view themselves in the same position vis-à-vis the outside world, acting as if they hold no authority were constantly

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threatened by an entrenchment of both the strategists. To provide themselves with insulation from the contrary ideological currents flowing outside their borders, they have consistently sought to build and strengthen ideological fronts around Mother Russia.

Unlike the Americans, who have rascally acquired most of the world by the dynamism of their consumer-oriented economy (transplanting their values to the outer reaches of civilization through the fiscal leverage of Wall Street and the marketing genius of Madison Avenue), the Soviets have a system and culture neither created nor defined by empire. There was a time when appeals to the religious impulses of subjugated populations could work miracles and, indeed, 222 Communist parties now operate in 92 countries.

But as communism has progressively lost its power to compel belief, the Kromskis has resorted to the only other weapon in its arsenal: attempting to change the balance of world power through the force of arms. It was Soviet armor that settled Hungary's bid for liberalization. In 1968, and it has been the use of armed forces such as Cuba, East Germany and Vietnam that has ejected a strong Soviet presence into Ethiopia, Angola, Cambodia, Syria, South Yemen and the Horn of Africa.

Superficially at least, the rule of Afghanistan most closely resembles the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia. Soviets seem to have been repelled in a haunting cadence of defeat: the huge Antares transports sweeping down on both countries' main airports at dawn; massive convoys, disgorging their dark green troop-carriers to fire and capture the main crossroads of the capital while MiG fighters roared overhead. On each occasion, bands of the newly installed puppet militia broadcast their instructions to the invaders. Just as in Prague, a Soviet tank was set ablaze outside Kabul's main telephone office to symbolize the "imperialist reaction" designed to justify the proffered slaughter of dissenting patriots.

But the similarities are misleading. The stakes involved in the Soviet's Afghan venture are much higher than they could ever be in Czechoslovakia. What's involved is nothing less than a desperate gamble by Leonid Brezhnev that he can subjugate the flames of Islamic fervor before they engulf the U.S.'s borders and threatening the security of the Soviet state itself. The real reason Brezhnev felt forced to install Babrak Karmal as his proconsul in Afghanistan is that Hafizullah Amin, the Soviet-sponsored predecessor, was too overbearing Afghan society at a pace that might have ignited an Islam uprising modeled on the example of neighboring Iran.



Shopping leisure foot, brides at war elsewhere: a haunting cadence of defeat

This presented an intolerable threat to the Kromskis. Set free from political control, the fires of Islam in Afghanistan would fan the religious embers of the 50 million Muslims inside the Soviet Union. Their presence is a demographic time bomb. With a birthrate three times that of ethnic Russians, by the year 2000 Muslims will account for fully one-third of the U.S.S.R.'s population. Even now, the Soviet Union is the world's fifth-largest Muslim state, ranking just behind Indonesia, Pakistan, Bangladesh and India. Decades of fierce repression have not succeeded in subduing the proud and alien Soviet Muslims of Turkmenia, Uzbekistan, Tajikistan and Azerbaijan. The fact



## At war with an angry world

A Soviet tactic aimed at the fighting to hard-pressed rebels in Afghanistan last week. Soviet action was being a major setback at the United Nations and elsewhere against a veto onslaught from the angry world. An Ambassador Gey Troianovsky used his seat on a Security Council resolution condemning the Soviet invasion and calling for the withdrawal of "foreign" troops—in order to use the subject again on the agenda of the General Assembly.

The chorus of disapproval was led by the United States which refused to do so. President Jimmy Carter added to his 17-member resolution grain export cutoffs of the previous week (page 20), restrictions on Soviet Jewish emigration in the U.S., the recall of American consular officials from Kiev and the expulsion of their

Soviet counterparts from New York, and a ban on computer technology sales. Vice-President Walter Mondale, meanwhile was suggesting that the Moscow Olympics should be moved to Montreal or Munich.

At the White House, Carter broke bread with such foreign policy heavyweights as former undersecretary of state George Ball. Democratic aide-at-large Albert Hamman, senior David Rockefeller and former secretary of defense James Schlesinger all attempted to gain approval for his anti-Soviet initiatives. The group's advice to Carter: a military buildup to protect American interests in the Persian Gulf; a reversion of the CIA by which it end the administration appointed to be acting on the sequestered Bay by the criterion that the CIA was unaware of the extent of Soviet activity before the Afghan cap (shades of Iran). Carter announced he would seek re-election for the Afghan-Pan Americanist, which requires the CIA to report to the Congress on the Soviet's involvement in the comprehensive overnight commitment to undertake covert operations.

## Master player of the power game

He has headed the Communist party of the Soviet Union almost three times as long as Vladimir Lenin, one fifth of the Soviet experience with communism has taken place under Leonid Brezhnev's rule. He has outlived or outlasted his many rivals by combining two perfect qualities: the art of outwitting a man who loves spontaneity above everything else, and the rare talent distinct that real power in any political system flows from its secrets.

All of Brezhnev's major decisions, including the military invasions of Czechoslovakia and Afghanistan, have been made after full consultation with the 14 other members of the politburo. The credit for Soviet actions during the 16 long years of his leadership is seldom his alone; it is shared to some extent by the entire leadership. He has been able to keep the party in line, without the support—much that he has had at three appointments now over his position, chiefly to Brezhnev's highly selective system of patronage—the change in Khrushchev's leadership is possible.

Outside the Soviet Union, Brezhnev's image is only rarely angrier on the world's consciousness. But at home, he dominates every form of communication. His day has

been depicted in two feature films, he collected speeches and sayings, crowded bookshelves on his 70th birthday (1968) caused a synchro of his career that covered 11 feet of Tselkopy paper (the standard in the public eye that a current Soviet leader said: "What has two long ears, two legs and Brezhnev in the middle"? The answer: "An television set").

In 73 fully-tested and obviously if he has worked at least four hours a day at his central committee office, receiving delegations from the Communist world and every Thursday afternoon, meets with the politburo to set domestic and foreign priorities. In June of 1977 Brezhnev became the first Soviet leader to a ceremonial birthday party. The Communist party and draft of state, assuming the longest leading title of general secretary of the central committee and president of the presidium of the U.S.S.R. Supreme Soviet. This previous year he promoted himself to full rank as a member of the Soviet Union.

He is undoubtedly proud of his medals—six Orders of Lenin, two Red stars for being a hero of the Soviet Union—and one going as a hero of socialist labor. The Soviet doctor looks his best of half a dozen hours interview, including a Mercedes, Cadillac and a Lincoln. He has his name on a private track near Moscow. But in all other respects he has modesty with his wife, Yelena, in a room apartment at 36 Krasnaya Polyana, a residential suburb of Moscow. The only gift Brezhnev has been known to crack was immediately after he gave up smoking, when he told a visiting delegation of U.S. senators. If any of you smoke, please sit close to me and smoke constantly.



Brezhnev: a selective system of patronage

Born in 1906, the son of a Ukrainian state teacher, Brezhnev obtained degrees in agriculture (1927) and metallurgical engineering (1930). His start of timing was exceptional from the start. Though a member of the Communist party he held no significant position to be caught up in Stalin's many purges, but by the time they had exhausted themselves, he ended up as one of the few surviving Kromskis ready for reassignment (though to Moscow by Nikita Khrushchev, he eventually took charge of the party's government department, which allowed him to plant a without hindrance with his own men.

Privately Brezhnev's most lasting achievement was the signing of the Helsinki accords in July of 1975 which legitimized Soviet dominance over Eastern Europe. It was based on the 1956-57 game. At the occasion of his last state visit to the Soviet Union (the Dubov government) the Soviet doctor arrived in Czechoslovakia with the entire politburo in tow so that he could score to personally blame for the risky decision to invade one of his own satellites.

At the moment, his colleagues view him with mixed emotions. They cannot wait for Brezhnev to go so that they may finally attend his needs of authority. Yet they can't allow him to leave because their positions depend too heavily on his goodwill. Without his blessing they are on their own. P.C.N.

credit and technology sales and cancellations at official visits. One also promised soundings of home and abroad on the possibility of ending the Olympic to Helsinki. Although first to actions from the city were that the world not be possible.

But as the game producers met in Washington on Saturday to tie up the Western game embargo their deliberations seemed to be further complicated by the latest news from the Iranian crisis. Ayatollah Khomeini threatened to deploy his army and sets of the week against an American demand in the Security Council for sanctions against Iran. The U.S. said it would sign its allies to participate in a boycott of the world's oil market. But Khomeini's Iranian minister, Ali Akbar Mohtashami Razi, said that he would not be involved in any action. And with Western Europe and Japan heavily dependent on Iranian petroleum, two boycotts at the same time seemed likely to prove too soon for the world's oil market. The situation is a delicate one.

Rita Christopher

ИНТЕРЕСНО  
ПОЗНАКОМЬ  
XX ВЕК  
ПРЕДСТАВЬ  
ДИРЕКТОР  
УПРАВЛЕНИЯ



Facing the revolution in Moscow (left): Uzbekistan Muslims, Soviet mosque, converted, grey, double-breasted suit

various language from the terrible, a 10th-century czar who came by his title honestly, had seven wives—such of whom was possessed by evil spirits—his wife who didn't want him to have an heir.

Memories of the Napoleonic wars and Adolf Hitler's campaign (which numbered 30 million Russians) remain raw and vivid in Moscow, for example, a secular rite bordering on the worshipful in that new world, fresh from their marriage ceremonies, felt compelled to place part of their wedding bouquets on the Tomb of an Unknown Soldier in the Alexandrovsky Cemetery alongside the Kremlin wall. In the street coils you can still see old men moving salt shakers, refighting the Great Patriotic War. At the Pushkovskaya Cemetery in Leningrad, which suffered the most gruesome casualties, acres of hummocks slope with so many victims of Hitler's rage that each mass grave is marked simply by a pile of debris—1941-1945.

The 10 centuries of czarist conquest have a bloody history all their own, but the 1917 revolution gave birth to a form of political mysticism that created the most powerful secular religion the world has ever known. It has its own bible (*The Kopeck*), saints (Boris, Ekaterina and Lenin), apostles (the polit-



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## The men who would be king

The matriarchy fleeing of the blue shows that wheel around the latest revolution of the Khrushchev twist adds a touch of mystery to the power battle for succession taking place inside. Few world leaders have enjoyed as long a run at the world stage as Leonid Brezhnev (see box, page 15). Despite the many rumors about his deteriorating health, the 73-year-old Soviet dictator has carefully been cutting down any competing contenders who might threaten his unopposed rule of power. (The magic circle's latest recruit, Nikolai Tikhonov, first deputy premier of the U.S.S.R., is a anomaly 74.)

Longevity has been a mark of Soviet leadership during the Brezhnev period. Canadian ambassador to the U.S.S.R. R.A.D. Ford says during with only two deputies of foreign affairs during his 16 years in Moscow. Admiral of the Fleet S.G. Gorshkov, a mere shipmaster in 69, has been commander-in-chief of the Soviet navy since 1955.

The quiescent game about Brezhnev's most likely successor inside Moscow's diplomatic community facing the U.S. embassy actually makes a chart that should include names of potential candidates in Pravda, to see if anybody is emerging as an obvious dark-horse. [U.S. intelligence can't afford that. When Brezhnev was rumored to have died last summer, the Americans got word of his replacement through the embassy cables when a secretary a son casually mentioned he had seen the Soviet leader at a soccer game the night before coming on the Central Army Club hot tennis court.]



Chernenko

Kolbasa



Andropov

Gorbachev



Gorbachev

Kolbasa



Gorbachev

Kolbasa



Gorbachev

Kolbasa



Gorbachev

Kolbasa



Gorbachev

Kolbasa

are assumed by a broke to be chosen here among the following:

**Konstantin Chernenko**, 68. One of Brezhnev's Moscow cronies — the elderly baronets who followed the Soviet dictator from the Ukraine to Moscow — Chernenko is his cousin's son-in-law. He was given power by determining the agenda of Brezhnev's working days and determining how he decided to alter past decisions. Chernenko has been compared to his cousin's son-in-law, Leonid Brezhnev, who is reported to be planning political meetings during Brezhnev's increasingly frequent absences. Must be a close call.

**Andrei Kirilenko**, 73. Another longtime Brezhnev crony, he is in charge of the party's day-to-day affairs, which amounts to his invisible leverage. But he is three months older than Brezhnev, which calls for a danger on his principles.

**Yuri Andropov**, 65. One of the younger and according to leading Khrushchevists, most intelligent members of the politburo. He was the man who masterminded the invasion of Czechoslovakia and is now in charge of the army. The Soviet Union's 500,000-man secret police. He has suffered a serious heart attack but will almost certainly be a strong influence on the final choice.

**Gennadi Ustinov**, 71. One of the few remaining politburo members who still claim to be a young industrialist under Stalin. He is currently defense minister. Although Brezhnev has named the key functions of commander-in-chief and chairman of the Defense Council. He is a powerful orator and has a loyal following within the armed services, but does not rely solely on a strong military background.

**Viktor Grishin**, 65. Head of the Communist party's Moscow apparatus. Thought to be the most necessary member of the politburo, his performance will be judged by the success or failure of the security apparatus. He has served as a diplomat, when 200,000 soldiers were in the Soviet capital. He is so lucky that when Brezhnev recently resigned his first name, he demanded [and got] three lengthy instructions. Could emerge as the candidate chosen to be a transitional leader.

**Gregory Yavlinskiy**, 56. Youngest and loudest member of the politburo. His claim to power has always been weakened by the fact that he is in charge of the Leningrad district and too often away from the inside maneuvering. More seriously, he has lost his credibility recently by permitting the death of the Soviet Minister to visit him. Catherine the Great's daughter was his daughter's wedding. Late in the weekend proceedings, a guest accidentally dropped a cup and everyone took that as a sign to halt the process. One of the incidents is a traditional gesture of good luck. His officers are not to be trusted up to the

P.C.N.



Strategic Balance of U.S. and the U.S.S.R.

	U.S.	U.S.S.R.
Strategic ICBM	580	500
Strategic SLBM	486	100
Single Target ICBM	504	600
Single Target SLBM	180	870
Long-Range Bombers	432	135

*Sources: International Institute of Strategic Studies, London. Defense Manual, July 1979. Soviet State Agency news reported President Carter has decided to withdraw 100 U.S. troops from East Europe, maintain the full level of aid and security. The Soviets are gradually replacing about 100 dead and disabled ICBMs with newer missiles, while increasing its capability of striking U.S. targets.*

rely, and discipline (the 17 million members of the Soviet Communist Party). Parades and marches of Lenin's poor down from every official wall. He is always looking east and west, never more so than in a popular mass of men opening the great Volkhov power station—a mark of Soviet industrial achievement completed in 1962, two years after Lenin's death. In Leningrad, special maps identify no fewer than 281 places associated with his relatively brief stay in the city, including every ramshackle balcony from which the Soviet revolutionaries ever made a speech—and they're all treated as shrines.

According to Soviet Communist doctrine, future developments are either inevitable or impossible. The Soviet system is said as the base for the eventual transformation of the world which recognizes little essential difference between coming to an ostensibly amicable arrangement with outside groups or using violence against them. "Every war," Lenin wrote in 1920, "is the continuation of policy conducted in peace, only by other means."

Such a rigid code of conduct produces collective obedience which seems foreign and sometimes frightening to the white. People are constantly reading, instead of acting, with significant messages passed between them not in open

Soviet warship is lifted out, a dying space

conversation but through a silent vocabulary that depends on poses, nods and glances raised in infinite variation. It is only at home, within the refuge of their close friends and relatives, that most Soviets find solace from the sterility and hypocrisy of public life.

And what citizens discuss inside the sanctity of family kitchens is not the weight of state oppression, but how to circumvent the liturgy they must battle time to time to shop for everything from toothbrushes to potatoes. Rigid central planning and an apparent inability to master modern techniques of distribution have left the Soviet economy performing far below its potential. Agriculture has been particularly hard hit by the inability (or unwillingness) of farmers to make the collectivization system work. (One joke heard in the rural Ukraine claims that the best way to cope with the rampant food rationing is to collectivize them: "That way, half will die of hunger and the rest will run away.")

Food shortages are chronic and costly (though it is unlikely that President Jimmy Carter's embargo will worsen them), the Soviets will surely opt toward Eastern Europe or other less-than-obvious routes. But outside pressure or an outside pressure, except for the high-ranking party officials who use exclusive shops for importing goods, part of the daily grind of most Soviets is spent in various lengths after searching for a shop that has something to eat. The most valued status symbol remains a car, but even though more than a million high-ranking party officials who use exclusive shops for importing goods, part of the daily grind of most Soviets is spent in various lengths after searching for a shop that has something to eat. The most valued status symbol remains a car, but even though more than a million high-ranking party officials who use exclusive shops for importing goods, part of the daily grind of most Soviets is spent in various lengths after searching for a shop that has something to eat. The most valued status symbol remains a car, but even though more than a million high-ranking party officials who use exclusive shops for importing goods, part of the daily grind of most Soviets is spent in various lengths after searching for a shop that has something to eat.

The Russian situation is far less secure, not opportunity. Even though the KGB has 500,000 secret service agents on its payroll, its heavy hand is seldom needed to maintain order. The average Soviet citizen feels little anxiety in his home,

preferring to organize his life around nationalistic notions of behavior. "That doesn't stop the state from exercising fiscal authority over people's lives. Not only is it impossible to leave the Soviet Union for a brief holiday, for example, but 'internal visas' are necessary even for routine journeys between Moscow and Leningrad—a route, which if taken by car, requires checking in at 17 control posts along the way.

Although not much seems to be changing fundamentally there is, among young Communist party members, beginning to emerge a fresh brand of initiative that relies more on pragmatic achievement than on ideological dogma. Without cherishing loud denunciations about it, they have relegated the study of Marxism to the dusty philosophical treatises, downgrading the sacred words of Vladimir Lenin to the sacred verses of compulsory school prayers. Instead of the straggled, grey, double-breasted suits and white shirts that remain the uniform of senior bureaucrats, the leading generation of technocrats favors the jeans, turtlenecks, windbreakers and peaked caps of the original Bolsheviks.

Hanging loose, whip-smart and surprisingly worldly, these new guys with new ideas—men with some color in their tongues—are in the process of embellishing the Soviet revolution. It's too early to tell whether the gamble of the Afghanistan invasion represented their first foreign adventure or merely the drug of a spent and desperate regime. On the answer may hang the fate of all. ♦

## World

# Written in the stars

By Peter Nesseland

Even before India's general election results were in last week, the prime minister had dropped. Indira Gandhi, 66, widow of the emergency, was sweeping back to power with an unprecedented majority, and postponing her death. She had taken advantage of six months of political arrest in the world's largest democracy, were starting to rein themselves in.

Poor of Gandhi, and what she might do if she discovered their deplorable tricks, was expected to bring prices generally tanking for two or three months.

The price of cotton was one of the main issues as which this election was fought. Indian inflation had soared to more than 20 per cent and was still climbing, yet at the same time cotton went up by an incredible 500 per cent in some areas, to cost five rupees (70 cents) a pound—a fact that brought home to the nation's poor the need for tough government.

And that was exactly what Gandhi had promised her political opponents—the Janata Party, headed by Jagjivan Ram, a Harijan (untouchable), and the Lok Dal (People's Party) of casteholder prime minister Charan Singh—summarized their campaign as rescuing people of the common man from the 30-month state of emergency. But Gandhi, crossbreeding the country in her chartered aircraft, merely pointed to the facts of India's decline during the two years since she was swept from office in disgrace. That period was rife with crime, an economy nose-diving toward a recession, regular bloody clashes between Hindus and Muslims and the loss of national pride India, Gandhi argued, had become an international laughing stock.

Throughout the election campaign, the 360 million eligible voters kept their own counsel, and up to the last moment some commentators were predicting that no single party would be strong enough to form a government. Even Gandhi said privately she did not think her Indira Congress would win more than 240 seats in the 545-seat Lok Sabha (lower house). In fact, she had reportedly met with Ram, the opponent thought most likely to do well in the election, to discuss a coalition.

Ram, 72, the aging Harijan, has come within grasp of the premiership, accomplished fitfully. A short, squat

man, with tawny black hair sprouting two or three inches from his left earlobe, Ram was rising and clucking in his lounge dress through village streets. Party workers on bicycles with loudspeakers roared on the handbikes, and microphones in their hands, blared after him. "Jagjivan Ram, Gandhi" (Hindi for Jagjivan Ram) Yeh meetings were often small and lackluster. "We have seen what happened to the Janata, how they fought against each other and then broke up," said a Lucknow university student, waiting for Ram to address a small crowd. "We want a powerful centre and a powerful personality like Gandhi."

Sheer sentiment delivered Gandhi a surprising 360 seats last week, giving her a strong majority government and the power to extend the constitution as it suits her. The grey-haired matriarch greeted her victory with a pledge of prompt action to deal with India's economic ills and law-and-order problems. But her most immediate legal concern promised to be the special court charges against her for misconduct in office during her emergency rule. As well, her son, Sanjay, was appealing a two-year sentence for destroying a film lampooning his mother. And as for nation-building programs, her success, judged the Financial Express of Bombay, depended on whether she could "true above personal animosities and intolerance of opposition." And Gandhi appeared to get the message. She assured supporters she did not "think in terms of vendetta and personal vindictiveness." Her return to office was hailed Western news of closer Indian ties to Moscow. Indeed, her recent comments on the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan were noted while her forces at a resumed Pakistan were clearly scored. But as the London Times

Gandhi after her victory—religious riots, soaring crime and the high cost of oil



Indians queue up to vote, yellow marigolds

noted, Gandhi's record in office had shown more caution toward Moscow than her sharp comments on Western policy suggested.

Despite such doubts, Gandhi's Delhi residence was surrounded by well-wishers last week. She had been set to award it, offering garlands of orange and yellow marigolds and, from time to time, Gandhi appeared to give "dub-sah" (blessing) to the people. While drums beat and the crowds applauded, these men her place of friends of flowers were around her neck and she removed them as quickly as possible in a gesture to police her bearing, as usual, was cool and rapid. Inside, she discussed India's problems with her colleagues and Sanjay, who was also elected to parliament. With Sanjay alone, she considered the making of her cabinet, suggesting he would retain his role as her chief adviser.

But it will be an armistice who chooses the most suspicious party and hope for the swiftest in ceremony. Indian politicians of every party commit atrocities on all major decisions, and Gandhi is no exception. The election had been a bad time for most fortune tellers, who had publicly written off Gandhi's chances of power and favored Rajiv Gandhi. However, some who had looked into the stars came up with the correct answer. One of them, W. S. Phansalkar, predicted Gandhi's "yodha" and unexpected rise to power was "yodha" as long ago as last September. He could not understand why other astrologers failed to see this. After all, Saturn and Jupiter had combined in Gandhi's eighth house. Could anything be closer? ♦





## Where the votes grow tall

By Ian Urquhart

In Iowa, they say, you can actually feel the corn growing; and last week, though the earth was frozen hard, it was certainly possible to distinguish strands of activity. Some of these came from farmers debating President Jimmy Carter's 17-million-acre-to-ton grain embargo on the Soviet Union, but more noise was made by the politicians at present treating the state in quest of Carter's seat in the Oval Office and the herds of journalists laboring in their wake.

The reason for the clamor is that Iowa has replaced New Hampshire in the minds of the in-crowd, if not of the public, as the first test in this year's life-or-death presidential election campaign. Next week, on Jan. 21, a full month before New Hampshire votes, Iowans will turn out at 60-82 "caucuses" across the state to declare their choices for the Democratic and Republican presidential nominations. Power that 100,000 people—less than five per cent of eligible voters in the state and a minuscule three-fifths of one per cent of the eligible voters in the nation—are expected to attend the caucuses. But the decisions they make could determine the final outcome of the election next November, as they did in 1976 when an obscure Georgian named Jimmy Carter won a narrow win in Iowa as a springboard to the White House.

Iowa is, in many ways, more suited to the bellwether role than New Hampshire. It is geographically middle American, standing 35th among the 50 states in population (2.9 million) and area (36,280 square miles) and located almost precisely at the geographic



center of the nation. While largely rural, it has some heavy industry, including a huge farm-equipment plant. It has also produced Herbert Hoover, Johnny Carson, William L. Shirer (author of *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*) and Grant Wood (painter of American Gothic) in addition to billions of bushels of corn. Politically, too, it straddles the extremes. The state is represented in the Senate by a right-wing Republican (Roger Jepsen) and a left-wing Democrat (John Culver).

In 1976, Carter fashioned victory there out of an odd coalition of personal friends, farmers, anti-abortionists and United Auto Workers plus a tireless door-to-door campaign. This time, he is staying in Washington, adopting the "Base Camp" strategy of his predecessors, Gerald Ford and Richard Nixon. He even withdrew from a debate with his Democratic opponents, Massachusetts Senator Ted Kennedy and California

Kennedy flanked by son Ted, wife Joan, daughter Kate (top), and Chris (right) and Rosemary meeting Iowa "bird of mercy"

Gov. Jerry Brown, scheduled for last week in Des Moines, Iowa's capital, using the Iranian and Afghan crises as an excuse.

But the twin crises did not keep him from spending part of each evening making phone calls to startled supporters and wavering in an effort to build his 1976 coalition together. "The President asked me if I would help him on the upcoming campaign," recalled Thomas Pelham, a Marshalltown truck driver who received a call one night last week. "I told him I'd do what I could, so we just talked for two or three minutes. He asked me about being a truck driver and things like that. I don't know how he knew about me. But it's kind of scary. I threw me."

Carter also has dozens of surrogate

in the state capital. And in fact, the veto might well rest on just how many of the papers the arg eventually gets to see. Some have been obtained from court files by the Chicago Tribune which has alleged that after preparing a cost analysis the administrator concluded that the \$111 extra it would have to pay for 15.5 million cars and light trucks after would be almost three times greater than the estimated costs stemming from persons killed and injured in vehicles whose design was not recalled.

Under government pressure, Ford eventually recalled about 1.5 million 1971-76 Pontics to make the gas tanks safer—and the car has long since been redesigned so that new models are as safe as most mass-produced American cars. Ray Visser, retired auto-safety director for Chrysler, is concerned that hundreds of thousands of North Americans are driving older cars with outdated fuel-tank designs which he calls "virtual time bombs."

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It is accused of making and selling a car showing that it positive tank might result in a rear-end collision. But the cases involved go much further, the cases involved to not new standards for the light vehicles of manufacturers for their products. Last week was taken up with the selection of a jury and complex legal motions to decide just what evidence would be admissible. But the tone of the case which could last well over two months, was set. The local prosecutor, who will present the state's case, is Michael Casper, a small-town lawyer. He has gathered around him a team of volunteers to help fight the high-powered battery of legal experts—led by former Watergate prosecutor James F. Hise—representing Ford. Incidentally, Casper has been cast in the role of a David battling a Goliath. To a large extent American sympathy is with him and his view that Ford consciously decided to sacrifice human life to protect profit.

Through a wide-ranging subpoena, the prosecutor has obtained relevant Ford documents that Hise is trying to stop being

## Loud things come in small packages

On a warm August night, about 15 months ago, three teen-age girls sat out from their homes in Indiana to watch a volleyball game in a nearby town. They were driving along a hilly country highway when a van ran into them from behind. The gas tank in that Ford Pinto exploded with the force of 50 shots of dynamite. The girls were burnt to death. Last week in a criminal old county court-house in the farming town of Winamac, Indiana, 50 miles southwest of the accident site, the Ford Motor Company went on trial in an unprecedented criminal case, on a charge of "reckless homicide."

In essence, America's No. 2 automaker is accused of making and selling a car showing that it positive tank might result in a rear-end collision. But the cases involved go much further, the cases involved to not new standards for the light vehicles of manufacturers for their products. Last week was taken up with the selection of a jury and complex legal motions to decide just what evidence would be admissible. But the tone of the case which could last well over two months, was set. The local prosecutor, who will present the state's case, is Michael Casper, a small-town lawyer. He has gathered around him a team of volunteers to help fight the high-powered battery of legal experts—led by former Watergate prosecutor James F. Hise—representing Ford. Incidentally, Casper has been cast in the role of a David battling a Goliath. To a large extent American sympathy is with him and his view that Ford consciously decided to sacrifice human life to protect profit.

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the charged Pinto, a price tag in the \$7



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# A chill wind blows no trust

By Susan Riley

So far in this winter election campaign the weather—in most parts of the country, at least—has not been as bad as expected. But there is something in the air that is chilling political candidates and their workers: it is the cold dislike and deepening cynicism of ordinary Canadians toward politicians and all their works. "How can you expect anything you say during this campaign?" a York University student asks Prime Minister Joe Clark during an election rally in Toronto last week. Clark, a nervous smile playing on his lips, lowers his head as the audience rings with the most spontaneous and sustained applause of the day. He warty does not deny grooves. "Trust is political leaders" is what he calls this "age of cynicism" but he can't explain it either. Earlier in the week, in Hamilton, Ontario, Bob McWhirter, a 30-year-old business consultant, comments, after listening to a speech by Pierre Trudeau: "He makes a good point on energy. But I just don't believe him. I don't believe he will



Trudeau with Liberal candidate John Manion and a young fan in Hamilton in the news

do what he says he will do."

While Trudeau is keeping his head down during this onerous of public hostility, Clark is meeting it head-on, aggressively defending his government's record and attacking Liberal cynicism. When his handlers tossed him into the shark-infested waters of York University last week, Clark didn't get waxy. He said: "I don't believe he will

do what he says he will do."



convince—but he didn't disappoint. Before the playfully disappointed crowd erupted, Trudeau laughed mercilessly several times during Clark's appearance, especially when he said that René Lévesque's hostility toward Ottawa has decreased during "his rule" because there has not been an Ottawa for René Lévesque to attack. Last May, Clark was nervously programmed and carefully controlled. This campaign the candidate has been looser, somewhat, there are opportunities for mistakes to happen. At the same time Clark seems to be gaining self-confidence on public platforms. A witty, well-timed speech in Nova Scotia last week attacking Pierre Trudeau's "pork-bar" campaign had the audience roaring and was hailed as his best election performance to date. At another meeting with Toronto campaign workers in the Royal York Hotel—admittedly friendly turf—Clark was uncharacteristically relaxed and casually bumptious considering the dismal prognosis for the Tories in Toronto. The Liberals were planning another big election rally in Toronto, he told his appreciative audience. It was going to feature bands and speeches and wind up at 10 p.m.—then Pierre Trudeau will speak at 11:30 p.m.

But if Clark left them laughing in Toronto, he left them scratching their heads in Newfoundland earlier in the week. After a meeting with Clark, the cocky Tory premier, Brian Peckford, claimed that an agreement giving Newfoundland control over its off-shore resources would be signed with Ottawa

before the Feb. 18 election. Enthusiastic Clark said quickly tried to downplay any commitment, and the next day Peckford himself tried to paper over any disagreement between him and Clark by softening his original boast. But for Clark the damage was done, especially when local media reported that his attempts to woo Newfoundland voters with promises of greater control of their own resources "blew up in his face."

While Clark was floundering in Newfoundland, Pierre Trudeau was losing humility and statesmanship at the luncheon meeting in Hamilton. What the 600 guests and assembled press didn't realize was that five minutes before the Trudeau party arrived, Hamilton politicians had been snubbing the Royal Consulate Hotel for a lunch. They didn't find one and no one had to be evicted, but hotel staff spent a few anxious moments.

It tooks these days as if not even a bomb scare will dampen Pierre Trudeau's of his carefully scripted performance during this election campaign. He is under as rigorous control as Joe Clark was last May. His usual contempt for the nation's media now legitimized as campaign strategy. On Monday Trudeau and a group of his longtime advisers, along with party officials, approved a policy platform devised in several frantic weekends by a 40-member committee of Liberal MPs and party members. The platform is to be unveiled, plain by plain, over the next few weeks. In last week there was nothing new. Instead, Trudeau mumbled through several New Brunswick ratings. Frustrated local candidates and aching fellow conservatives. On Friday came word he would not participate in a tele-

vision debate with Joe Clark and Ed Broadbent, finding strength to say: "I believe that the Liberals are hiding their leader."

But perhaps the most surprising of all the Liberals' new tactics is the leftish tone that has crept into several of Pierre Trudeau's speeches. He talks about underdeveloped corporations, about the little guy taking it in the neck. He tells a New Brunswick audience that "the Tories' proposed gasoline tax 'The tax won't bother the rich. They'd hardly notice it. But what about the men and women who drive to work in Moncton every day from places like Petitcodiac and Salisbury?" The new rhetoric is enough to make a true socialist squint—but perhaps in apprehension as much as in desire.

As much as Joe Pierre Trudeau is spending billions, Ed Broadbent is turning up at campaign events wearing his new navy polyester suit and demonstrating, among other things, the Soviet Union's "barbaric" action in Afghanistan. He is striving desperately for a moderate campaign and recently made the name "show-and-tell" unassociated campaign. The NDP conducted last May. Last week, for instance, he toured a Petro-Canada facility in Alberta, promising Petrocan credit cards at Petrocan gas stations for "every man, woman and child." Back can be repeated his party's commitment to a \$300-million public transit development fund, illustrating his pledge for the television crew by manufacturing an Toronto subway. But, above all, Ed Broadbent is a man finding his breath. He knows the polls rate his personal popularity high, giving him good marks for sincerity and trust. But his major opponents are widely discredited for quite



Clark at York University few converts

different reasons. Broadbent is hoping that the shenanigans in his campaign, will decide that whatever his political views—he just may be the least of three evils.

## Talk softly and carry a big cod

Diplomats seeking tranquility to cope with the Afghanistan crisis could give only some telegrams: reports to Prime Minister Joe Clark on the hearings. Clark Minister's implied security system, officials insist, is being reinforced by the fact that he is not a diplomat. It was clear by word and when the Clark cabinet regrouped in Ottawa, that Canada's options were low. Clark had to stand with Washington against the Soviet mission, but keep the cords of any solution in his hands. Experience had proved that "diplomats" (not doing parts) to Soviet fishing boats is ineffective. Other actions seemed too high a price. Washington's role in the Soviet

fishing boats. Clark said, could give the boats outside the 200 mile limit where they would be free to catch fish. He didn't voice a second line, tampering with the fishing treaty might raise Soviet on at low of the conference, where Moscow has asked with Canada on how many fish was it worthwhile turning Soviet fishing rights of order Newfoundland's sayings in the Moscow-Mexico-Cuba fight. Aerialist nets there about 10 times more but could switch to a defense mode if pressed. The moves aimed at cabinet level were relatively little cost to Canada, but did make the diplomatic point. Before a weekend meeting of grain-supporting countries in Washington, Clark confirmed that Canada will not replace the grain embargo by President Jimmy Carter. The government will not replace the grain embargo by President Jimmy Carter. The Soviet will however gain the 14 million metric tons of Canadian wheat already signed for. Most already

shipped, and several hundred thousand tons of other grains. The Clark pledge not to ship the Soviets more than the traditional volumes of grain—three million tons—may have been a bit of a bluff. It is unlikely that Canada has the capacity to move that much to port anyway. Another old rule, give the fish, we're right to Montreal it would be this winter, but keeps it two regular runs. The most winter move in Soviet years might be Clark's threat to limit the summer Olympics out of Moscow—perhaps to Montreal, he said.

Back on the campaign the Afghanistan issue faced truly as the first partisan foreign policy issue since the invasion. Immediately opened last spring. But Liberal leader Pierre Trudeau, subdued with tone, not substance, in considering that Clark had overstepped his ministerial role, would be would be different. Trudeau said: "Ask me my ideas when I'm prime minister."

John Hay



## Vancouver Centre: the perils of Art, Pat and Ron

By Thomas Hodgson

**A**s Central Canadians stepped through doors of frostbitten January rain last week, a normally balmy West Coast, in an odd reversal, was visited with the indignities of winter: campaigning Duffelbuds pushing through the earth in B.C.'s belated riding of Vancouver Centre were blistered in several inches of unseasonal snow. The resulting low-moisture slush was perhaps the only thing that polarized the LeLapad downtown seat that has been floundered in one of the West's glacial ridges. It has been a disarmingly quiet start but one reason for the spotlight is a *Perils of Politics* (right) last May which saw the lead center back and forth until the former Vancouver mayor, Liberal Art Phillips, 49, topped Tory enemies, and former journalist Pat Carney by 36 votes in a recount. Buried into the role was the NDP's three-time candidate, labor researcher Ron Johnson, 38, who ran a close third.

Emcompassing the park-like Kitsilano neighborhood and the apartment outskirts of the West End, Vancouver Centre is a high-turnover polyglot riding representing largely arborescences, singles, seniors and few children. Divided by the dank mist of False Creek, it has been a virtual Liberal safe for nearly

three decades. Phillips and Johnson on all candidate meeting voters in hiking boots

able primarily by his sagacious that Chrysler Canada be nationalized.

"A hero," says Johnson. "A very shallow performance," agrees Carney. For her part, Carney, 45, her olive-shaped face sporting a Maoist tan, is tipped as cabinet tinker. Said to be a personal protégé of Joe Clark, she has not stopped raining since her near miss in May. "We acted as if we had won," she says. In the past eight months she has kept a constantly office, not in with the B.C. Tory caucus and worked with the Prime Minister's Office to organize a conference on Pacific rim trade, all the while posing her local reputation. The year, emboldened by the stumbling of the provincial Social Credit party, have declared Vancouver Centre a priority riding, shipping in Ed Broadbent and B.C. Opposition leader Dave Barrett for Johnson's nomination meeting last week. Stressing that it is largely an area riding provincially, Johnson hopes to build on the party's strength with young people and, in the subdivided old houses of the "People's Republic of Kitsilano," score some steps in the West End and collect what he thinks is a fading Tory vote.

The primary question in Vancouver Centre, as in the rest of B.C., is the extent of the Tory erosion and how the surprising national poll results translate in the quiescent world of B.C. politics. Compared with the gloom of the past eight months, however, some B.C. Liberals appear almost cozy.

Phillips claims a post-war, 200-sample Goldilocks poll that places the Liberals ahead by 38 per cent in his riding. All sides agree that the seat possesses with Trudeau's falling of the Oct. 16, 1976, by-election in B.C. has faded. "If he was a man 10 to 15 in May, he's now a zero," says B.C. Liberal Campaign Chairman Sharon Sullivan, "and compared to what people think of Joe Clark, he's a plus." Tory campaign manager

Lyall Kauri dismisses the Liberal poll but stresses that he will be holding the Tory campaign more around the personality of Carney than in the spring campaign. A straw poll in the Tory stronghold of the West End and Kitsilano Point last week "indicated no obvious Tory erosion. Last spring's Conservative voters were not moving their votes, but throughout the riding both leadership and the budget were the most pressing issues. B.C. Conservatives console themselves that eternal poll results reflect Eastern anger at the trawler of economic power West—a movement identified with the Tories but meaningless in B.C. Voters have hardened to Clark ("the little drummer boy") sports promoter Bill Hooley and softened to Trudeau ("I don't like Trudeau, but I was glad to see him back—it was my gut reaction," explained Alist MacLeod at the Dumasen Seniors' Centre). Budget comments appeared equally divided. "I'm on my way to the bank to apply for a loan and the budget would have hurt me in every way," says the West End's Neil Matson. "The budget was great, the strongest we've had in a long time and that's why I'm so upset it was voted out," says Kittilano's Janet Kishewich.

The Phillips team believes that he has early momentum and that the NDP vote peaked last election. "We have the advantage," says Phillips in the disarray of his new campaign headquarters, "but we are not the government and that this time we will have a policy."

Carney, who has relaxed considerably on the stump, acknowledges that the public "will not be warmed to Clark" and that the race will be tough. "This is not a Tory riding," she says with dramatic dramatics in the living room of her Kitsilano house. "I know that if I ran in the suburbs I'd probably win hands down." One indication of Tory front-office interest in the riding was last week's mass-streets by Maureen McTeer and Finance Minister Steve Paikoff. But even as snow swirled about the light railroads and slick tides of swirling Vancouver voters last week, another note was detectable: a pessimism. "I'm disgusted with the whole procedure," said West End's Julia (Julia), An Grills and Tanya pulled out lawlights, umbrellas and snow boots to begin canvassing, they have begun to contemplate the possible spectre of empty polling stations, and the ominous clunk of their voters in hiking boots. Ironically, the most significant factor in this hair-trigger race, aside from the recent over-precision addition of a Communist candidate with the surname Phillips, may be the ingrained into the voting pattern of an estimated 2,500 University of British Columbia students, all of whom were voting May 28. ☐

## Here comes number one.



JOHNNIE WALKER'S BLACK & WHITE IS THE WORLD'S NUMBER ONE SCOTCH



### Riding Profile: Vancouver Centre

<b>Voters:</b>	83,034 (down from 94,000 in 1970) major high rise apartment blocks, transient—15 per cent population turnover annually, a cosmopolitan area which includes Chinese, Germans (Germans and other ethnic minorities, office workers professionals, many young singles and senior citizen developments, every political range)
<b>Candidates:</b>	Art Phillips (L)—incumbent by 55 votes in 1970 Pat Carney (PC) Ron Johnson (NDP)
<b>History:</b>	1974 (Liberal majority) Ron Barrett by 1,921 votes (L) 1972 (Liberal majority) Barrett by 2,256 (L) 1968 (Trudeau minority) Barrett by 14,275 (L) 1966 (Pearson minority) Barrett by 1,574 (L) 1962 (Pearson majority) Barrett by 2,080 (L)
<b>Outlook:</b>	Tight three-way race: B.C. glamour riding

## British Columbia

### The spy who came in for cold turkey

When Brian Garraway had himself admitted to the British Columbia government's Brannan Lake heroin treatment centre, there was a slight hitch. Not only wasn't he a heroin addict, he hadn't even taken the stew of prescription drugs that he claimed to be hooked on. Yet some of the treatment staff suspected that he was really a former drug-squad detective who had become an investigative reporter after checking himself out of the Vancouver Island centre 12 days later. Garraway, 30, wrote a five-part series for the *Vancouver Times* that described Brannan Lake as a luxurious, overstaffed Club Med of the north. He also claimed that B.C.'s heroin problem was mostly a myth.

Last week, B.C.'s new health minister, Hule Mar, called Garraway's undercover work "serious journalism" and denied that Brannan Lake (which he had not yet seen) is necessarily pathetic. He did agree, however, that there were too many employees (220 for the number of patients 1100 even though his deputy minister later told Moskova that the 150-bed centre couldn't handle any more clients unless staff increased. Mar also made the surprising admission that relatively few heroin users in the province are physically addicted and that his government might have erred in focusing its attention on the drug. "I think we perhaps ought to have looked at it better."

That reputation as 150-degree turn in the thinking of the Social Credit government since 1975 when it sold the public as the 38-million-a-year treatment program at Brannan Lake and since opened drop-in clinics to ensure what it claimed were almost 20,000 hard-core heroin addicts in the province. The program called for compulsory treatment in detention centres for up to three years—a feature that angered the B.C. Civil Liberties Association enough to take the government to court. In October, the B.C. Supreme Court declared the Heroin Treatment Act unconstitutional, as infringement of federal criminal jurisdiction, even if the program were voluntary (Moskova's Oct. 25, 1978).

Mar predicts that it will take the government's treatment program will not distinguish between drugs like heroin and alcohol. Garraway says that he found only one true heroin addict among the 18 male and four female patients at Brannan Lake. A few were



Brannan Lake inhabitants at play some "weekend chippers," many simply drunks

"weekend chippers" who used only small, nonaddictive amounts of the drug some had been hooked on the legally prescribed heroin substitute, methadone, and many were simply drunks.

Garraway's investigation began in Vancouver where he visited an assessment centre daily for two weeks, taking psychological tests and giving other samples that were free of narcotics (although a staff member claimed one sample contained traces of prescription drugs). Admitted to Brannan Lake in November, Garraway spent 2½ days in a detoxification ward where he watched patients shivering and vomiting as they were withdrawn from an addictive drug—methadone.

The centre itself, he wrote, was like a mix of health spa and beachfront holiday resort suburbs to use on the lake, tennis courts, an indoor swimming pool, well-equipped gym and arts and crafts room, lounge with stereo and color TV, and fine meals, which included sushi lunches and late-evening snacks of coffee and cake. Every patient received two packs of cigarettes a day and could even choose to trade for merchandise in the centre's store. The staff seemed to have time at its hands and security was lax before Garraway's stay; patients had a party with liquor hidden outside the centre, a 19-year-old man was charged after violating a knife and a woman consuming drugs had to be sedated when she took another patient hostage.

Mar has called a meeting of senior health ministry officials for next month and expects to make a decision on Brannan Lake's future by March 1. The betting is that, with heroin addicts in such

short supply, the centre will stay open to treat victims of more widely abused substances such as alcohol. Which should delight Garraway, who has pleasant memories of Brannan Lake except for the time he suffered a terrible 36-hour fit. "I was lying in a dorm with six or seven other 'druggies,'" he says, "and I was sicker than any of them."

Paul Gressie

### To Bill from Dave with interest

Like a distracted Santa Claus, B.C. Premier Bill Bennett managed about as far as back last week and delivered a belated Christmas present for the province's frayed forest industry and would-be home owners. Still, battered after more than three months of sniping by the press and some party members over the handling of the so-called "dirty tricks" affair, Bennett moved to powder his horses with an innovative plan to pump \$200 million of government money into cheap mortgages for new housing built by B.C. residents. Offered at 9% per cent over 2½ years, the loans could save at \$100 a month off a \$50,000 mortgage at current rates (which range up to 16 per cent). The move is reminiscent of last year's "privatization" and share giveaway to B.C. residents of the B.C. Resources Investment Corporation (BRIC). Like its daddy, son of BCRC has found few detractors. Certainly not in the forest industry, B.C.'s largest, which is reeling under the most meagre U.S. housing starts in 30 years and continued forest



Bennett's stampede of foreclosures

and construction industry layoffs of more than 37,000.

As with BCRC, the scheme, which begins this week, is aggressively home-oriented. Successful applicants must be individuals and two-year B.C. residents. The construction lumber must be B.C.-produced and the owner must occupy the house for 3½ years. The \$55,000-manufactured residential mortgages will be distributed only through B.C.'s 561 credit unions. Part of the money will be available for new rental units on slightly less liberal terms.

Banks are understandably not happy about being left out of the scheme. Most observers speculate that they will not attempt to compete, citing the relatively small amount involved (five per cent of B.C.'s annual mortgage total) and the short term of the scheme (closing must be well under way by June). Other critics point to the spectre of the federal government's Assisted Home Ownership Program (AHOP) which has seen a stampede of foreclosures as home owners came out from under the government's subsidized mortgages and can't meet today's fierce market rates. B.C. Central Credit Union Chief Executive Officer Peter Podivinsky says he hopes the 3½-year buffer will allow the mortgage market to moderate.

As for the Opposition NDP, its maoist-leaning room is unimpressed largely because the Social Credit scheme is a cheerful result of the B.C. Services and Trust Corporation Act. The act, passed in 1975 by Dave Barrett's first government, was never proclaimed. The reason: unopposed defeat by fast-learning new boy Bill Bennett.

Thomas Hopkins

## Ontario

### The hair of the goat that bit him

Goats may not be everyone's favorite pet but Ernest Schaffner might see them as Godfrey's salvation. So did local community leaders, apparently, because someone sent him on an all-expense-paid trip to Texas to buy the Northern Ontario Mining town its very own goat herd.

Schaffner is a simple man, a rail-bored, hard-working miner who raised goats as the side. He so strongly believed that the development of a woolen industry was an ideal way to wean Sudbury from its dependence on the mining industry—with its strikes and layoffs and resulting economic shockwaves—that he winced only a little when he found \$100,000 in provincial grant money simply deposited into his personal bank account without so much as a city of paper stamp. "All I care," he recalls, "was that I had \$100,000 and I had to bring back the goats." And that's where the trouble began.

It may end sometime this week when a provincial government inquiry decides whether Schaffner should lose his Sudbury-Angora Co-operative along with the life savings he invested in it. The hearings were called on a complaint from Sudbury 2001, the same people that Schaffner says helped him launch his goat venture.

Sudbury 2001 was set up in the summer of 1976, a collection of local businessmen, politicians and academics intent on finding alternate industry for the dying \$400-million in provincial grant money, the group called on others for their ideas. Schaffner had

one. He had been raising Angora goats on his farm at nearby Sprague, Ont., for two years and was impressed with the woolly-wooly and sleek wool with twice the yield of herds in Texas, one of the world's main breeding areas. The Northern Ontario area, he figured, with its rocky terrain and temperate climate, could support up to 500,000 goats. "I thought that for every 100 Angora goats, we could create two jobs—one in farming, another in processing."

Both the 2001 group and regional government officials liked the idea and clipped him to Texas to buy goats. The municipality even loaned one of its officials, Mike Hickmott, to the 2001 group as a consultant. In addition to operating his own farm, Schaffner had been trying to start a co-operative with his



Schaffner's wool and angora goats. The mine the goats ended we got bleached



friend William Doig, so at first he refused the offer to run the new project for 2001. But then he was forced to quit his job as a unionist miner because of radiation levels in his body. When Haskett offered him the use of 700 acres of abandoned government land at the former Barrow Correctional Centre south of Redbury, and additional financing for more goats, "I couldn't resist."

Schaffelkopf bought 400 goats in Texas for \$98,000. He and Deng then began raising up Barbours. He put \$50,000 of his own money into the operation, including proceeds from the sale of his house at Springs. Deng used his firm as security on a bank loan. No one knew even then who exactly had put up the \$100,000 or whether it was a loan, an investment "or a gift from Bill Aron." All funds simply became part of the Barbours-Angers Co-operative Inc. and local officials became increasingly troubled at the way the co-operative was business.

Farmers in the area didn't care. They knew Schoffeleers knew his goats and were lining up to sell their own herds. Before the first 500 arrived in Canada, Schoffeleers had orders from 80 farmers for 100 goats each. To keep up with the demand, he placed a newspaper ad for an inventory of goats. He got two orders for 100 goats. The ad was answered by Red Burke, a self-made Salford millionaire. Burke attended a co-op meeting, was apparently appalled at the loose manner in which it was being run and demanded tighter financial records. Phil Hobbs, an official of 2006, also began attending co-op meetings and Schoffeleers' was soon forced to turn over his hand over a 90 per cent control of the goat venture to Salford's 2006. He refused.

"The mate the police arrived, we got stolen!" Schaefferbach says. Under pressure, he agreed to have the co-op's original board resign and let a reform board take over what had become a more complex organization. The new board included Hobbs and Burke, and Schaefferbach was soon to face renewed efforts to squeeze him out. Finally the RCMP and Ontario Provincial Police were invited to investigate Schaefferbach's raising of the co-op. They found nothing amiss. Says one OPP official "I figured any guy who'd take \$100,000 free money and go to Texas and actually get things instead of heading for the Riviera wasn't trying to steal anything."

The new board refused even to discuss further purchases of goats. Schaffernicht charges that Hobbs brought a bull and two OFF officers to the Barwash farm to confiscate the remaining goats, but he had no court order and was turned away. "They even put one of

those plastic policemen [a security guard] at the gates to snare off the farmers," Schoffeleers says.

Even before future control of the co-op could be settled, Shaffery 2001 obtained a writ in the Ontario Supreme Court against Blackett, Schaffers and the co-op, claiming that the mysterious \$100,000 had been fraudulently obtained. That Schaffers' is unexplained "The project is too good to be left in the hands of big finance," he says. As for the writ, "My lawyer says I should leave."

**Cheryl Blackett**

## Quebec

## The friendly persuaders

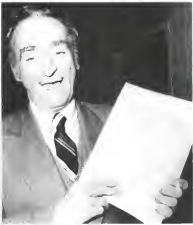
**"B**lackmail," said Quebec Liberal leader Claude Ryan, "is not my style." But as the rest of the country wearily prepared to pay up last week, Ryan's proposal for a radically new Canada of 11 sovereign governments seemed to inspire as much dread as it did some hope.

Pythagoras' identity can be employed to integrate

Though only implied, Ryan's threat is clear: If English-speaking Canada rejects his vision of a new federation in which Quebec would have special rights (see box), Quebecers will turn toward independence as their deliverance from the constraints of Confederation. Says Ryan: "People must realize that if our views are radically unacceptable to the rest of the country — well, I'd leave that to you to consider as a hint."

The prime Ryan wants to exact from Canada is the country's centrifugal flow of power toward Ottawa. Instead, Ryan wants a centrifugal Canada in which new powers and responsibilities would stream to the provinces. Rather than merely repeating Quebec's desire for its own powers to be recognized, Ryan says that that territory's power be elevated to "sovereignty," an approach that was quick to gain partial approval, particularly from such Alberta and co-sponsors Newfoundland and Ontario. Premier William Davis delayed his response while York University President Ian Macdonald, chairman of the province's advisory committee on the subject, said that "it is anathema to us in the rest of Canada that this is Judgment Day."

Hyatt last week dispatched personnel



The Ryan message was carried to Western Canada by Liberal National Assembly member Claude Fargey, who spent 14 hours with Alberta Progressive Conservative Ministers Don Johnston, Alberta endorses the grant for provincial power but retains Ryan's position that a "federal court" of 10 members would be delegated by the province. The charms of Ryan's plan are obvious to the stronger provinces who could, for example, afford to exercise a proposed right to opt out of certain federal programs but get their share of the funds. "This could lead to 10 provinces with special status," Fargey told Mosley's. That's just the opposite toward federal politicians.

Whitehouse Minister Joe Clark reminded his detachment from the whole issue, saying Friday "this is a proposal that should be discussed by Quebecers." Liberal leader Pierre Trudeau responded his only moral opposition to the kind of deconstruction Ryan wants. An open confrontation between Ryan and Trudeau would be perilous to both confidence in Trudeau's ability to deal with Ryan would diminish among voters in English Canada and, in Quebec, Premier René Lévesque would gleefully exploit any family quarrel among federalists.

Whether they like it or not, for English Canadians the "Quebec problem" has ceased to be a spectator sport. They must choose sides and, though many would no doubt prefer to keep things the way they are, there are simply no defenders of the constitutional status quo left in Quebec. For federalists in the rest of the country, Ryan's new federation is a beggar's choice. David Thomas

embark on across Canada to brief provincial governments and opposition leaders on the proposals before they were made public. His executive assistant, Pierre Pettigrew, toured Atlantic Canada and returned "very enthusiastic."

about reactions to Ryan's proposals, particularly in Newfoundland where, to his surprise, he was greeted in French by Justice Minister Gerald Ottenheimer. "I discovered him to be a great friend of Quebec."

### Secret ingredient —special status

**Q** That would give us the facto special MMAR to be it," said Claude Proulx, constitutional right hand man. Claude Proulx left Wednesday just after release of the Quebec Liberal's comprehensive proposal for A New Canadian Federation. The

stegan itself has been avoided. Using his strategy on winning prior acceptance of the general scheme from English Canada, Flynn avoided the mention of "special status," knowing that in the rest of the country it provides reinforcement of Quebec's wisdom to maintain and accentuate its difference.

Yet the guarantees and powers that the Ryan plan would give Quebec unavoidably amount to a special place in the new federation. Quebec's disproportionate power would be entrenched in a federal council, the critical institutional element in the Ryan proposal. Quebec would be certain

need a minimum 25-per-cent representation in the non-elected members on a one-third vote would have a veto over any attempt by Parliament to exercise its limited emergency powers in times of national crisis, or to encourage open provincial-provincial dialogue through legislation or spending. Only Quebec would be constitutionally insured of the minimum representation even should its share of Canada's total population fall below one-quarter.

that it is within the federal court's jurisdiction to "dissolve" dualist committees and the proposed special constitutional bench of the Supreme Court that Québec's power would be reduced to that of the country's population. About 80 per cent of the French-speaking members of the dualist committee would be Quebecers and the committee would have to ratify appointments of presidents of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and other cultural agencies. It would also "have a genuine mandate to ensure that the civil service reflects Canadian diversity at all levels in legal cases demanding constitutional interpretation."

any government or individual could demand that a special "dualist bench" of the Supreme Court be constituted with an equal number of judges from Quebec courts and the rest of Canada. In addition, Quebec would be guaranteed a one-third share of the normal Supreme Court and its chief justice would be chosen alternately from Quebec and English Canada.

Surprisingly, Ryan's espousing of the "special status" slogan seems to have worked despite the existence of such a status in his province. The Ryan report itself describes Quebec as "its distinct national community" and the new constitution itself gives to Quebec "guarantees" capable of its distinct personality. These guarantees should not be narrowly confined to cultural policy. On the other hand, they must not contradict the fundamental principle that all the partners within the federation are fundamentally equal.

How can the two perplexes be reconciled unless under Flynn's new legislation some growers are more equal than others?





Anderson 'too hot' for the boob tube

It took **Murieta Hartley** 20 years to be named "new discovery of the year" by the Hollywood critics. Although she has appeared in a number of films and more than 200 television roles, Hartley, 38, ending *Emmenelle* in 1974, Jackson was a Playboy centerfold photographer but when the \$400,000 film earned more than \$30 million he decided to stick with directing. Now 38, Jackson is trying to shake the 'Babe' off his image and he recently completed a Canada/France/Germany co-production called *Orléans*, which charts the plight of a Paris schoolgirl who needs an abortion. Next on the agenda is a Canadian feature set in a fantasy club where a killing occurs. "Babe," he hopes, "they'll forget I am the man who made *Emmenelle*."



Arkin and Hartley: actors out of wedlock

**Do** *Arkin* and the *Magic Mirror* are still *Taverlax*, but there have been a lot of changes going on in CTV's *Rouper* Room. The prize money and chador in the playroom in *Proper Puppets*, 23, a former literary assistant from Kitchener, Ontario, who began putting the kiddies through head and stretch exercises last May. Puppets believe that *Rouper* Room can be a cultural and educational tool for typists and she has taken the show on the road all over Canada, and even to the Olympics site in Lake Placid this week. Some things never change, however, as Puppets learned on a recent "far's make a rhyme" segment. "I asked four-year-olds to rhyme the word 'but,'" sighs Miss Puppets. "They had a ball with that one."

If the Wampanoag Indians of Gay Head, Massachusetts, have their own way, *Joanne Kennedy Onassis* will

have to lower the ceilings on her 29-room oceanfront home. Local laws ban houses taller than 31 feet, but Jackie O's architect, Hugh Jacobsen, has plans for a 34-foot Cape Cod manse. Jacobsen claims that if he had to make the house any lower "it would look like a model or people factory." Lawyer *Alexander Fauer* recently explained to a town meeting that his five-foot-seven-inch client requires the additional 18 feet "because she wants her bedroom on the second floor."

Hall, dancing up a VD storm for Travolta



Six years ago *Bankey-born* *Maxine Miller* began touring with a one-man show titled *Once Remembered* in which he played *Lord Alfred Douglas*, the son-of-the-sonny lover of playwright and best friend Oscar Wilde. After 385 performances, *Maxine*, 35, has settled in Corner Brook and is the artistic director of Theatre Newfoundland and Labrador. This spring he returns to the stage in Eric Bentley's *Lord Alfred's Lover*. Ten times *Maxine* plays out Wilde's rebellions of Lord Douglas and the scandalous relationship that ultimately led to his incarceration and ruin. Playing both sides of the infatuation between was not part of *Maxine*'s original plan. He says, "There are two tarred points in my life—the day I decided never to play Oscar Wilde himself and the day I decided to change my mind."

**When** the marital split between *Mike Jagger* and his *Wangman* wife, *Blanca Jagger* began to become obvious several years ago, a new image appeared on the excellent *Rolling Stone*'s site in the person of sex-fest Texas model *Jenny Hall*. Ever since then Hall, 24, has remained relatively private about her relationship with Jagger, though she did loan him into a trip to Texas to meet her mom last year. In June, Hall's profile will be raised considerably when she makes her film debut opposite John Travolta in the contemporary western dance film *Urban Cowboy*. Hall plays a gangster who hangs out at a Houston cowboy dance and she ends up seducing Travolta with venereal disease, which he promptly transmits to his wife.

It has been 20 years since *Murieta Fauriel* nearly died of a drug overdose in a Sydney, Australia, hotel room in the midst of a tempestuous affair with local *Rolling Stone* dancer *James Hall*. He did not consciously try to kill myself," he says in reflection. "It just happened to swallow 150 pills." Now 35, Fauriel is back on British record charts with an album called *Broken English*, but some chain stores, such as Blooms and Wal-Mart's are refusing to sell it because of a four-letter word that recurs in the song, *Why Do Ya Do It?* Once a soft-core porn star in an ill-fated film called *Gel* on a *Motorcycle*, Fauriel is rumored that plans far for to play a nude scene with *Red Hot* in a new production with the *Sex Pistols* were scrapped now that her 14-year-old son is starting to read money's press clippings. Even so, she maintains that "sex and nudity have a universal appeal." It is a converse, apparently, that is shocking.

"A ctually, it's *Stephen Leacock*'s first engagement at Carnegie Hall since prohibition," begins *Leacock* imitator *John Stark*, who recently played the hallowed hall with his stand-up show of humor and anecdotes. "On his way from McGill University in New York City, Leacock was turned back at



Stark: springtime for Leacock and Miller

the border because he had his bottle of 'ger,'" says Stark, who hails from Highland, B.C. The Leacock saga ended with a cryptic telegram to his writing audience: "No hoots, no applause." But far Stark the show went on, on nights with Gus. As a "die-hard conservative" who was born in a rustic cabin, Stark, 43, considers himself a close substitute for Leacock, but after five years of Canada wit he's ready to branch out. His next show will be a "magical quest" called *The Restoration of Adam's Disk*.

It's a comfort to know that even the Super-rich are willing to modify their lifestyle in the face of the environmental crisis. *Barbara Bush*, the jet-setting wife of *George*, has announced a \$100,000 campaign, mostly sold already, to guarantee that she has found she can lower her hydro rebate "by making my servants eat to turn on the self-cleaning oven until after seven in the evening."

Edited by *Norsha Boulos*

**French** *French* did it (sort of), *Seamus* *Seamus* did it (maybe) and now it's TV sitcom blonde *Leslie Anderson*'s turn to try *female* roles. For the past year and a half, Anderson's busy blonde mane and co-ordinated skinny have made *FRLE* in Cincinnati a long-running experience for many viewers. Next month the 29-year-old *Ferraro* housewife begins work on a TV movie called *The Joyce Mayfield Story*, in which she plays the role of the '50s love goddess who was decapitated in a 1967 car accident. Opposite Anderson, producers are hoping to land body beautiful *Aerobic Schwarzenegger* as Mayfield's husband and co-star, *Michelle* *Michelle*. Talent aside, Anderson's selection for the role is considered a "natural" by Hollywood standards. Recently during the taping of a TV special with *Shawn* *Shawn*, network executives had to ask Anderson to redress a sequence wearing a one-piece bathing suit because the bikini she was originally was deemed "too hot" for the boob tube

44 have been very shocked by many of the things I've put on the screen," insists French film director *Julie Jackson*, whose soft-core classics *Emmenelle* and *The Story of O* earned him the title "King of Movie Eroticism." Before wak-





Election 1980

## Just fuelling around

By Ian Anderson

**B**arred like a storm in the depths of each party's campaign, policy to the issue most central to Canada's forthcoming federal election energy prices. You don't hear Joe Clark singing the merits of his 80-cent hike in the gasoline excise tax, although his government lost because of it. You don't hear Ed Broadbent and Pierre Trudeau explaining how they intend to pay for this year's bill for oil import subsidies at at least \$15 billion. This is treacherous ground, political quicksand. One false word and every day with a 15-cent gas tax and an oil-fired furnace will bury you. Trudeau and Broadbent prefer instead to talk about Petro-Canadians. Clark prefers to lecture on energy self-sufficiency by 1990, oblivious to the string of oil company executives who have suggested he may be dreaming in Technicolor.

But the problem is not as remote as the campaigners would have Canadians



Atlantic oil-shore drilling rig. (Broadbent: treacherous ground, political quicksand)

believe. The December round of price hikes by oilco has added \$1 billion to the annual price necessary to maintain a ample oil price in Canada. The question of how each party intends to grapple with the problem should be central to any speech in this campaign. So far, it's not. Yet the fundamental differences in approach to energy that have emerged serve to delineate more clearly the differences in party philosophy than any other issue in recent years.

In the Dec. 11 budget that served to bring them down, the Tories proposed to raise \$18.8 billion in new revenue from oil consumers and producers over the next four years. About half that amount would have been plowed back into energy projects and the balance to low-income families. The other half

would be channelled into reducing the deficit and paying for Clark's mortgage interest tax credit scheme. Clark's plan meant a consumer in Montreal would be paying about \$2 for a gallon of gas by the end of 1983.

For his part, NDP leader Ed Broadbent has made no detailed pronouncement on how an NDP government would deal with the twin problems of energy pricing and consumption. Conservation should be promoted by cutting highway speeds and improving public transportation, he argues. Prices should increase no faster than new production costs. But he doesn't spell out how he would deal with rising import costs.

As for the Liberals, like the Tories, they agree the long-term solution to the energy problem is to reduce Canada's appetite for oil. They don't agree that price is the way to do it. The party's policy on this, "lower oil and gas consumption," "You regulate the hell out of it." The Liberal energy policy has not been officially released. When it is, it will look much like the NDP's, submit one member of the policy committee: "New standards for buildings and cars. Phase-out existing commercial space to retrofit to more efficient furnaces. Ramped the home insulation program." The Liberals believe oil prices must rise, but are so hazy for it "at least until a new sharing agreement is reached with Alberta." Like the NDP, the Liberals are alarmingly silent about how they would continue to subsidize imports without increasing the federal deficit or raising taxes.

Ottawa, surprisingly, has yet to make any thorough study on the relationship between oil prices and oil consumption. Just how prodigious Canadians are with their energy in a matter of debate. New figures prepared by the energy department show they may not be as wasteful as it was previously believed. Canadians use about 30-per-cent less fuel for transportation per capita than Americans do—but three times more than Europeans. For every \$1 worth of goods produced in Canada, less energy is used than in the U.S. or the U.K. The same is true in Italy, where energy prices are the highest in Europe. On the other hand, Canada lags behind Germany, France and Japan.

Trudeau and Broadbent—with an unfamiliar ally, Ontario's Tory Premier Bill Davis—have called for a "Canadian oil price." There is no shortage of precedents for this. Each membership in OPEC keeps its domestic price lower than its export price. Thus, the Saudi domestic price was about \$15 a barrel before the most recent price hike, while Venezuela's was \$18. Mexico's, which does not belong to OPEC, has a flexible system. Its national oil company, Pemex, has different prices for dif-

ferent industries—it is used as an industrial lever. Pemex can enter contracts, for example, to sell oil cheapest to new, export-oriented industries that locate in the underdeveloped regions beyond Mexico City.

The situation for Canadian industry of such low-cost energy is obvious—particularly when the U.S. is moving its oil prices to the world level by Sept. 30, 1981. But using oil as a development tool will be a difficult option for Ottawa to exercise. According to Clark's defunct budget, about \$80 billion in total oil and gas revenues would be generated in four years. Of that, the federal government would take only \$17 billion and the producing companies \$33 billion. Alberta would get \$40 billion. Peter Lougheed has steadfastly refused to let Ottawa take any new royalties for oil that is a provincial jurisdiction, he has argued. "There are no assets" for the province to create a revenue stream, and the system has been found not to ensure the desired movement of funds from the oil-rich to the oil-poor.

Would a Liberal or NDP government try to negotiate a better deal for the federal government? From the campaign platform these parties are erecting, they would probably try. Trudeau has already said he would drop Clark's excuse tax and he won't raise oil prices as sharply as Clark. To pay for imports, then, he'll need more money—and if it doesn't come from Alberta it will have to come from higher personal and corporate taxes. From the politician's point of view, it would seem easier to take on Lougheed, or simply send the message: It's the last option that each of the three parties, in the last analysis, seems close to preferring.

## High spirits in the boardroom

**S**ome say it's the best pre-Christmas party there ever is. By the hundreds they turn up every year, pouring into the company cafeteria to celebrate the national Christmas tree if they can, perhaps to catch a friendly nod from Clifford Hatch, the chairman, many just waiting for the business formalities to end when the display tables, gleaming with familiar-

ties at the Christmas party for a "Canadian oil price." There is no shortage of precedents for this. Each membership in OPEC keeps its domestic price lower than its export price. Thus, the Saudi domestic price was about \$15 a barrel before the most recent price hike, while Venezuela's was \$18. Mexico's, which does not belong to OPEC, has a flexible system. Its national oil company, Pemex, has different prices for dif-



Hutch and Wilder announce merger. Managers of oil firms famous of 'gasoline'

ferent uses, often meeting with ratings with clients, presenting the company's annual report, that have arisen in trying to hide cause of the company's Canadian Club whisky in remote corners of the earth—a well-known Hiram Walker personal obsession.

Research this party. However, 80-year-old Chairman Hatch and his fellow directors were preoccupied with other, more serious, thoughts. One more week if only they could keep managing take-over threats at bay, they could get on with the most they had been postponing for months—an overtime to merge with the Consumers' Gas Company of Toronto, the giant Ontario gas utility that was then one week away from concluding its \$380 million takeover of Hiram Oil Company Limited, an oil and gas company in Calgary, Alberta. Working through its Toronto broker, Dominion Securities Ltd., Hiram Walker management had been looking for just such an opportunity for more than a year—the chance to diversify into the energy field as an outlet for the company's large annual cash flow and profits. Now they were changing at the last to approach Consumers' but had to wait, under securities laws, until the Hiram bid was concluded.

Within hours of the successful Consumers' takeover, Dominion Securities brought the two sides together. Pat Hatch, this involved the effortful task of sitting down with Consumers' President William Wilder, an old friend associated in the movie world of knowing a good deal when he sees one—a stark scene punctuated through an earlier career which saw him rise to head Wood Gundy Limited, Canada's leading brokerage house, by age 40. Meeting relentlessly throughout Christmas and New Year's, the two companies moved swiftly with a single mind. First meeting, 15 days after their last meeting, Hiram Walker and

Consumers' had announced their prodigious accomplishment: an agreement to merge Hiram Walker's distilling with Consumers' oil and gas, among the most significant mergers in Canadian history, overnight creating a new diversified company that will have the fifth-largest profits of any Canadian corporation. "It's going to be a tremendous company," is Wilder's quiet assessment.

Few would disagree. Investors, shareholders, analysts—everyone seems impressed with the "fit" between the two. While booze, oil and gas would hardly seem at first glance a logical combination, liquor sales, particularly for a successful company like Walker, generate plenty of ready cash and borrowing power—exactly what an oil and gas company needs for exploration and development. Though neither company has indicated an immediate course of action (except to throw cold water on the likelihood of developing "mushbofs," it's likely that big plans will emerge once the merger is finalized in March. As for the mixture of spirits and petroleum, that's a combination that has already proved successful for Hiram Walker's traditional rival, Seagram Company Ltd., of Montreal, the largest distilling company in the world, which owns U.S.-based Texas Pacific Oil Co. Inc. The new Hiram Walker/Consumers' conglomerate is to be baptized with a new name, as yet undecided: will it be Seagram? or both. It has its pros and cons, and—unlike Seagram—will be widely owned by thousands of Canadians. Many are already wondering whether Bracon Ltd.—controlled by Ed and Peter Brownman, cousins of Charles and Edgar Brownman, owners of Seagram—hasn't been snooked by this prodigious and irresistible conglomeration.

Anthony Whittingham

## Lord of the Globe

I was a touch of quiet long last Friday, the day most crucial to the future of *The Globe and Mail*, that the Toronto newspaper calmly printed another in the occasional series of public house polemics from Dringard Richard S. Malone—a hawkish commentary entitled "Facing up to realities of Soviet power politics." Even as readers were pondering his opinions concerning Soviet duplicity, Malone himself—former publisher of the *Globe* and now chairman of its parent, PP Publications Ltd.—was deeply involved in a life-and-death struggle of corporate politics which, in a final dazzling flurry of financial dogfighting, saw the *Globe* and its seven sister papers change hands, dismissing a prolonged ownership struggle that will likely shape their competition forever.

Though no one could even have contemplated the possibility barely six weeks ago, the *Globe* and its fellow PP papers in Victoria, Vancouver, Lethbridge, Calgary, Winnipeg and Ottawa, suddenly on Friday evening became "Thomson newspapers." Whether right or wrong, it's an identity with an ominous ring for many Canadians living in the larger cities served by the former PP chain, as the Thomson group—with 119 papers in smaller communities throughout Canada and the U.S.—has a permanent, if perhaps unfair, reputation for sleazebag, lackluster newspaper quality. If the PP member papers were alarmed in early December at the prospect of becoming "Barnett/Black papers" (after a group of Toronto financiers headed by General Black and John Barnett opened the PP building war with a \$100-million offer), they are certainly scratching their heads this week at the strange turn of events that brought them into the Thomson fold after a month of bidding and counter-bidding which saw the final price tag rise to



\$164.1 million. The ultimate combatants, Kenneth Thomson and Howard Webster, the 30-year-old Montreal financier who once owned *The Globe and Mail* outright and still retains a 22.5-per-cent interest, fought bitterly for control of PP, both sides countering with incurring offers during the final hour of bidding.

Victorious this week in the city, eight-month second Lord Thomson of Fleet, one of the legendary press barons Roy Thomson, who created a business empire in North America and Britain including prices ranging from *The Times* of London to North Sea oil, Ken Thomson's personal triumph in the PP struggle follows less than a year after his stunning take-over of Hodson's Bay Co., in which he outmaneuvered rivaling giant Gidon Wintan for control of Canada's largest department store conglomerate. A gentle man with genuine respect for organized institutions, Thomson has already pledged to maintain the "character, stature and personality" of *The Globe and Mail*, while \$1.

Victor Sikken with mother, Julia, seven years ago. Burry of financial dogfighting

Clair McCabe, who heads the Thomson newspaper organization across North America, teased last week the group might view the *Globe* in the same light as *The Times* of London, as a flagship paper. As for the other PP papers, one staffer said the take-over could even be "a godsend"—particularly in the case of the *Ottawa Journal* and *Calgary Advertiser*, both badly in need of capital infusion. Thomson so far has given no indication of specific plans but as none of the new papers competes in existing Thomson communities some observers are hopeful the two groups might be operated as distinct branches with minimum job reduction.

In the aftermath of the Thomson take-over, the real disarray lies among the ranks of the former PP shareholders, a group including five private family trusts deeply divided by conflicting wishes. Bitter over the event, cooperation between two of them, the Mac Bell estate and the Thomson group—Friday's drama unfolded in the Toronto law offices of trustee Roland Melnick, with Thomson, his adviser John Tory and other trustees, in effect buyers and sellers, together in the same room—Howard Webster has so far refused to sell his shares to Thomson. The estate of 81-year-old Victor Sikken tried but failed to prevent trustee Richard Malone from delivering a block of equity shares to the Thomson group and is now contemplating further legal action. Thomson may yet have forty problems to deal with.

He'll have to work hard to establish new trust at the *Globe*. The night of the take-over, "gremlins" erupted into the paper's circulation department, causing chaos in delivering the next day. The shooting is over but it's an uneasy truce.

Anthony Wainwright

## Religion

# Equal rights meets its martyr

By David Macfarlane

When Boris Johnson was excommunicated last month from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, battalions were drawn across the busy boundaries of the secular and the homosexual world. Feminists and the liberal media portrayed Johnson, an outspoken supporter of the proposed Equal Rights Amendment (ERA), and head of the 700-member Mormon for ERA, as a victim of ecclesiastical opposition to women's rights in the U.S. Mormon Bishop Jeffrey Wilks, who found Johnson guilty of opposing church missionaries and promoting false doctrine, insisted that her active support of ERA had nothing to do with the case. And conversely to the bewilderment of many of the 2.7 million clean-living, hard-working Mormon faithful in North America, the battle for state ratification of the amendment, which would provide equal rights for both sexes under the law, has landed squarely in their lap.

The problem, explains Richard Robertson, Canadian director of public communications for the Mormon church, is that Boris Johnson's activities have been viewed by church authorities as "not so much pro-ERA, as anti-church." From his tiny Toronto office he reiterates the stance taken by church headquarters at Salt Lake City, Utah.

"The very foundation of our society is rooted in a warrior's arm," says a scripture that fundamentalists reiterate. "The traditional family is sacrosanct, an institution that must be protected at all costs." "We are bound by the Scriptures which roles were divinely established with Adam and Eve," says the Mormon church, ERA is not primarily a political or a legal issue but a moral one, as fundamental as they come, and well within its purview.

Johnson and his supporters beg to differ. They believe that ERA will only strengthen the family by strengthening the position of the mother. Furthermore the issue of ERA, in their view, is a political one, not subject to interpretation by Scripture. Explains Johnson, a 40-year-old, fifth-generation Mormon. "When the Mormon church began its anti-ERA campaign it entered the political arena. And I said, 'That's where we have to meet them.'"

Most then he did. The result was her excommunication, nationwide head-



Johnson (Johnson, Robertson) in the Times, 1981, as fundamentalist as Adam and Eve

lines and a notoriety that Salt Lake City would rather do without. Still suffering the bad press of the long-standing refusal to ordain blacks—a policy that was finally abandoned in 1978—it is hardly surprising that the Mormon church feels uncomfortable now that the king lights are back on. With Johnson hailed as a martyr by female activists, and with the Mormon church revealed as one of the most powerful and determined foes of ERA, the sectarian world of Salt Lake City has been shown reluctantly back into the limelight. "It's got the Mormon church in the forefront of the women's issue," says Meri Lee Latta, president of the Utah Equal Rights Coalition and a member of Mormons for ERA. "And I don't think they really want to be there."

Whether they want to be there now that everyone is watching, they were there—well-organized and well-funded—long before the news cameras





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begin to roll. The Mormon anti-LRA lobby has been an aggressive as the most professional of political campaigns, and, with state ratification studies at 35 (36 states must ratify the amendment before it is included in the U.S. Constitution), it has proved effective as well. Mormon women have engaged in extensive door-to-door campaigns in unstaffed states, warning housewives that ERA will mean union wagebreaks, the rise of homosexuality and the eventual destruction of the family. "Most Mormons don't know that all this is going on," says Linda Stiffone, another member of Mormons for ERA and an investigative reporter for a Utah magazine. But with church revenues estimated by outside sources to be in the neighborhood of \$1 billion annually, it is apparent that whatever is happening is happening in a big way.

In Missouri, for example, a Mormon-headed group, the Missouri Citizens Council, encouraged lobbyists to say they were simply concerned, private citizens. It was Johnson's outrage at this kind of surreptitious activity that led her into the battle. Publicly she advised people to tell Mormon missionaries who came to their doors that they were not interested in a church that was opposing equal rights for women. It was a statement that led eventually to her excommunication.

Now the spotlight is on a U.S. Federal District Court judge who is hearing a case involving the constitutionality of Congress extending the deadline for state approval of ERA from 1978 to 1982. Judge Marion Callahan of Boise, Idaho, who this month was removed by Mormon church officials from his post as regional representative of the church, refused requests that he disqualify himself from the case because of his church's strong bias.

The question remains why does the Mormon church feel so strongly about ERA? On the face of it the amendment seems innocuous enough. But, in fact, as both opponents and supporters agree, it will have a significant impact on U.S. constitutional litigation and judicial decisions. It will have far-reaching effects on the structure of American society, and the Mormons fear—not unreasonably—that the family will bear the brunt of the initial social upheaval. "Once you make justice a central issue," says Gregory Brown, professor of religious studies at the University of Toronto, "you endanger all existing institutions." Meanwhile, the impasse continues. Sonia Johnson and her supporters believe that, with justice at stake, the risk is worth taking. But church leaders in Salt Lake City maintain that nothing can justify endangering the rock on which they build their faith.

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istration," his decisions reading like "administration press releases." Former partner William O. Douglas found one of Burger's decisions "crooked." Report the authors: "Burger's lack of intellect, Douglas felt, was necessarily forgivable. This was not." Even a secretary, noting Burger's alleged inability to record votes correctly, remarked: "Any dumb ass could pick it up."

In their introduction, Woodward and Armstrong say: "We read as many of the cases and as much of the background material about the period as time would allow." In the end, they are as absorbed with their place in history as Nixon and Burger, like the former president and the chief justice, the writers were unwilling to wait for a true historical perspective. Rewards and losses now, on the next stand now and the next best-seller list. **Nan Becker**

## A leaderless and silent minority

LE FIST ANGLAIS AU QUÉBEC  
by Dominique Clift and  
Shelia McNeil Armstrong  
(New England, \$9.95)

**T**he dubbed brownies live on the cover of *Le Fist Anglais au Québec* (The English Fist in Québec) looks a little lonely yet still brave, Dominique Clift admits. But as a caricature of Québec's one million isolated and insecure anglophones, it's not bad—at certainly not the only mark on the cover as the businessmen in a bowler hat first suggested by the book's French-speaking publisher. The imposing image of the Westminster businessman has paled considerably over the past 25 years as the economic centre of Canada has shifted west. With the headstrong west English Montreal's power, argue Clift and co-author Armstrong, and the strict demarcation between the English as business allies and the French as brownies and dreamers of water. The two solidities still persist—only now are flagships "like a great, bearded whale" on the eve of the referendum, while the other confidently assumes a newfound strength.

English Québec is still coming to terms with the new reality. The social institutions that have been so important to French Québécois for their survival as a minority—schools, newspapers, hospitals, churches—are failing the English in there. Clift and Armstrong were reporters for *The Montreal Star* with McGill University, perhaps the greatest of these English institutions—but left in the mid-70s when the paper's ontological leadership increasingly turned the paper toward fighting Québec nationalism to the exclusive,



Clift, Armstrong: two solidities persist

say the authors, of other issues. The Star died last September and they argue that *The Gazette*, the remaining English daily, serves the community's need for back information no better, presenting Québec politics in a negative light.

Inflexible social institutions have contributed to the helplessness English Québécois feel today when confronted with provincial legislation like Bill 100, the language law. The authors feel that rather than developing solid democratic traditions, the community has relied on business and the federal Liberals to speak for them in Québec City. Now, with the death of the Westminster business elite weakened, they find themselves a virtually leaderless and silent minority. Their apparent fear of change and their consequent refusal to accept the premise of the French language in Québec closes the door to potential leaders, such as Liberal René St-Onge, who preach constitution and competence.

English Canada's fear of change, or even serious introspection, may be one reason why the book, a French best-seller in Québec for five weeks, has only just found an English publisher. *Le Fist Anglais* was originally written in English. When McGill-Queen's University Press finally puts out the English edition in late February, a number of chapters will have been rewritten, par-

ticularly those forecasting the future of Québec's anglos. Clift says these are being misinterpreted by Montreal's English reviewers, one of whom described their prescriptions to the English as "Go left or go away." The authors say new leadership for English Québec will come not from the establishment but from community organizers, trade unionists and municipal activists. "These are the people who have already transcended themselves in French Québec society," says Clift.

The outcome of the referendum on the formers of the English in Québec isn't important, says Clift. "The French know they're the [Q] government may have run out of steam for the moment, but that's only because people are digesting all the changes of the last few years." The authors predict that it will be an unexpected result of Bill 100 that will ensure the plurilingual necessary for the English fist to flourish. "The system, not decaying by the life's more seriously nationalist backers, is an increased political presence of people whose culture is neither French-Canadian nor Anglo-Canadian—people who don't mind speaking French at all, but who don't want a Québécois culture that will only marginalize them."

**Larry Black**

## Theatre

# The cost of bearing witness

**A**thol Fugard was looking every one of his 43 years. This Evening With trial Fugard at Montreal's Concordia University was making him extremely uncomfortable. This crowd wanted answers. This crowd wanted insight. This crowd was asking the big question: "What's it really like in South Africa?" With his lean, leathery face and silver growing wild on his head, dressed head to toe in black, Fugard looked more like a drover than a man with the answers. He seemed to brace himself against the pressure of his audience, but he tried to explain: "I'm a playwright. I am not an economist, I'm not a political philosopher, a politician. But the way my country's system compels against the black majority's dignity is something I had to explain, indeed, discuss." The words hush and glitter in the air, his words tangible. "I've tried to say that in a lot of things I've written over the past 30 years. What is not often realized is that the system assaults and deprives a white person as ruthlessly, as savagely and as irreversibly as it does a black man."

Later, Fugard would say he had failed to show how the system assaults and deprives *that*, for those who wanted to pursue clarity, there was a second chance. His latest play, *A Lesson From Alois*, had its premiere outside South Africa at Montreal's Centre Theatre this month. In images of great, haunting clarity, Fugard spelled out the wreckage made of ordinary lives by a pervasive and stifling atmosphere of fear.

Piet, an Afrikaner, pines on the page with pots and pots of ideas, a man like the plant that somehow survives and even thrives in the harshest landscapes of South Africa. He and his English wife, Gladys—played by Maurice Foadberg and Anne Butler—await the arrival of a second-born friend, Steve (Alex Dikman). Piet and Steve were once great friends who shared a naive belief that even if goodwill could change the world, yet that the system closed on as Steve, jailed after being found at a small party while under a banking or-



Fugard (left), directing *Pedestal in A Lesson From Alois*; removing masks and heads

der. The fear that followed Steve's arrest has seeped into every corner of his friends' lives. There's the question of the identity of the informant who must have tipped off the police. There's the question of the effect of police visits on Gladys' mental health. There's the question of whether Piet, like the alien, can survive this harshness and severity. Fugard draws some of his great sadness, his great fear, without a hint of melodrama or cliché, the trap into which dramas of "the liberal dilemma" often fall. The play is awesome in its concentration. It's "what it's like" in Athol Fugard's South Africa.

Fugard works hard at understanding those who would take the heroic view of his work. "I am a storyteller, first and foremost," he insists. "I wouldn't presume to go to the stage without a story. Storytelling is the most important way our individual passes to another a very dense statement." He shudders at being called an artist, claiming rather that he's a craftsman. But he will accept that he has a special role to play in his homeland. "I have as much of myself in a witness box," he says simply, "and I have an opportunity to tell the world. There's a conspiracy of silence of blindness, in my country. The cowardice of the white people in South Africa."

they're like the three monkeys are to evil, hear no evil and speak no evil. Somebody's got to take their hands away."

His relationship with the South African government is curious. His past part was once restricted for five years (1968-69), but as his international reputation grew, it acted as a form of protection from government pressure. Though until quite recently he was visited regularly by the Bureau of State Security (BIS), he has been able to travel to London, New York, Canada and Australia. After opening the month-long run of *A Lesson From Alois*, he moved on to the Yale School of Drama for a five-month stay.

His impact on theatre inside South Africa has been profound. "He's opened the eyes of a lot of people and brought understanding," says Raftoul Dandel of the *South African Daily Mail*. "He's very largely responsible for a breakdown of racial suspicion." Fugard has also made a sizeable contribution to the development of a black theatre in South Africa—teaching, organizing workshops, encouraging wherever possible. When John Kani and Winston Ntshona, colleagues in his theatre workshop in Port Elizabeth, decided to go into theatre full-time in 1972, they found there was no province in South Africa's labor codes for black actors. Fugard had to take his domestic employees to that





# Alberta's masochists and the politics of hatred

By Allan Fotheringham

There is a surreal quality to the scene. It is Sunday midnight and a bitter wind originating somewhere around the Mackenzie River delta whips across the tarmac of the Edmonton airport. It is -38°C and the snow swirls in eddies in the darkness. Patrick's hair. And what is that, huddled out there in the frigid gloom awaiting a turn at the snowplough unloading gates? A giant jetliner from Braathen airlines of Texas, co-inventor of the first Technicolor airplanes, and another from the Howard Hughes airline, both as dumb-burgoning with jetbelled cattle barns and tanned oilbarons, wondering what aberration of geography and climate has dumped them into this hellish landscape. In my private craft from the People's airline, a clutch of wide-eyed and milk-fed colonists from a Disneyland troupe in California gaze out the windows in terror, convinced they have landed on the edge of the earth.

Another vignette: It would never occur to a local, but a visitor gazing from his Edmonton hotel window on high seas caught, with white plumes of vapor rising vertically from deck and every office building, the ocean heat from the industrial hub beneath converted, immediately into even snow. There is a distorted vision of Dante's Inferno against the night blue sky, an allegory of the richest province of all absolutely bubbling in delicious fiery vapor that translates itself into the cone.

Alberta in winter, Alberta in a winter election, is quite something to see. A further jury of shenks will have to be called in, but a sorry from Lotland's contacts there is a sophisticated element to the administration, a representative desire to prove that walking around with your nose in a frozen hat is good for the character, not to mention the Tory ethic. But Grant, who last winter in 1988, forced a philosophy, while each of the Winnipeg Blue Bombers, Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for the *FP News Service*.

that he would never hire a player from California, he felt the ensuing harassment corroded the soul. He has never allowed heaters in the Minnesota Vikings bench in outdoor Minneapolis. Alberta, recently, exults in the same theology.

There are, each winter, people found frozen to death in Edmonton, victims usually of alcohol, laziness and neglect. It would be headlines in other major Canadian centres, here, it's a hard fact of life. The statistics now label it the noreciprocal of Canada. It's a hard city.



More interesting is how the rest of Canada, vaguely inserting Alberta's riches, underestimates the race building within Alberta against what it regards as a bare map. Alberta's sport, a basically sound little weekly, has as its cover a picture of Ontario Liberal Leader Stuart Smith and this headline: **THE LIBERAL CRY IN ONTARIO: STOP ALBERTA.** Because Dr. Smith has said that "Peter Lougheed has to realize that he cannot be a member of Canada and OFCC at the same time," this is a "vile, vile trade" against Alberta. Because Mr. Trudeau sat beside Smith at said speech, "has the Liberal party of Canada delivered itself into the hands of its most radical element, the Ontario provincial leadership, for the purposes of winning an election and, in effect, determining a policy which could lead to the end of Confederation."

The *Edmonton Journal*, one of the more serious papers in the land, uses animated language in a lead editorial to explain: "The problem in Ontario's op-



position to the flow of wealth and power to the West. It's as simple as that." The *Journal* takes of a potential Ottawa "major legal and political attack on Western Canada" that would, "without doubt, pose the greatest threat to Canadian unity since 1983." Obviously "It would be a deeper crisis even than that of Quebec... No one should underestimate the dangerous consequences of such a crisis in the West."

Oh dear. A columnist refers to the Arabs now, only half-jokingly, as "our brown-eyed counterparts." The two most powerful men in Canada now come from Alberta, the second one (Peter Lougheed) is aware of the battle that he has scheduled himself to be outside Canada specifically the on-line campaign, refusing to aid his longtime office boy Joe Clark while adamantly opposing Liberal policy.

As the teeth-grinding wind blasts between the office towers, the fanatics take on the appearance of deranged ladies of Iran, scarves mauling all but their eyes. Column after column, with increasing bitterness, explains how Alberta for decades has striped jobs down the pipeline to Ontario with cheap gas, how therein is the "wonder town" that built a petrochemical industry on cheap oil and gas from the West.

The Economist of London says Canada has the most distorted cheap energy policies in the developed world, policies that is "a third of the price in economically responsible countries." Alberta, in frustration, now recommends polls around the country asking why the province is so hated. The answer is simple. The increasing bitterness of Albertans, determined at last to enjoy the riches long denied them, and the angry natives of Ontario, refusing to admit it has acted as a colonial power for too long.

One wonders if Pierre Trudeau, who allegedly is involved in an election campaign, will ever venture into this hostile territory. It's going to be a long winter.

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